

# The Literary Journal,

AND GENERAL MISCELLANY OF SCIENCE, ARTS, HISTORY, POLITICS,  
MORALS, MANNERS, FASHION, AND AMUSEMENTS.

No. 39.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1818.

PRICE 6d.

## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*A Letter to the Governors of Bethlem Hospital; containing an Account of their Management of that Institution for the last Twenty Years: elucidated by Original Letters and Authentic Documents; with a Correct Narrative of the Confinement of James Norris, by Order of their Sub-Committee; and Interesting Observations on the Parliamentary Proceedings.* By John Haslam, M. D. 8vo., pp. 58.

DR. HASLAM's object, in the pamphlet before us, is to vindicate his own character from the unfavourable impression in the public mind respecting his conduct as a medical officer in the hospital; which was probably aggravated by his subsequent removal from his situation. The following initial paragraphs will dispose the reader to a respectful attention to what succeeds:—

"For many and sufficient reasons the publication of the following letter has been delayed until the present moment. Considering the uncertainty of life, I was induced to forego all personal considerations until I had communicated some opinions on professional subjects, which had long occupied my reflections. These have been submitted to the public under the titles of 'Considerations on the Moral Management of Insane Persons,' and 'Medical Jurisprudence as it relates to Insanity according to the Law of England.' It appeared to me, that the lapse of a portion of time might convey a more favourable impression of the motives which impelled me to address you, and also contribute to procure a more patient attention to my narrative. This interval has enabled me to collect the public sentiment on your proceedings, to examine without danger the reports of a higher tribunal, and likewise to avail myself of the advice of many dear and intelligent friends, who, with one voice, have counselled me to the present undertaking.

"It is sincerely my wish that you should feel the present address to be wholly exempt from hostility and resentment; that it should merely be regarded as an honest and honourable defence of character, which it is the duty of every man to protect whenever it is secretly traduced or openly invaded. It is therefore important that I should exhibit a faithful portraiture of my

official conduct, that the public may judge whether I have merited the treatment I have experienced from you. To the members of my own profession, I am solemnly engaged to expunge the slightest blot, which ignorance has shed, or malevolence may have endeavoured to fix on my medical reputation; and, lastly, as a parent, it is due to my children, to convince them that the pure precepts they have received for their moral advancement, have been exemplified in the conduct of their father."

The severe mode of coercion in which James Norris was confined, for a number of years, has been justly marked with most pointed reprobation. But this severity was exercised by the order of the committee, and against the opinion of the medical officers. The Report of the Committee of Bethlem Hospital, to the governors of the same, says, That a proposal appears to have been submitted "to the committee, by the medical officers, for allowing two apartments to the patient as night and day rooms, communicating by a door between them, which it was conceived would answer the purpose of security. But, on account of the way in which the hospital was kept constantly filled by patients from the army and navy, it was not thought advisable to adopt this plan, as the employment of the rooms would necessarily prevent *some one patient* from being maintained in the hospital for the whole period during which Norris might remain there; and the committee did not, therefore, consider themselves justified in excluding *another patient* on his account. Ordered, that he be put in the iron apparatus prepared for him, and approved by Dr. Monro and the committee, under the direction of the medical officers." The medical officers having proposed a mode of confinement, which was rejected, durst not *protest* against the cruel substitute adopted by the committee; they were obliged to obey their masers, and see the order enforced.

But were the committee unanimous in that opinion? Was there not among them a respectable minority, whose humanity was shocked at the iron coercion to which the unfortunate object was sentenced for an unlimited term of years? How honourable would it have

been to their character, if *they* had *protested* against the order, and tendered their own *separate report* to the general court, upon its impropriety, and even appealed to the Secretary of State for the interference of the executive government upon such a disgraceful transaction?

James Norris, was, in consequence of this order, confined in the iron bandage, from the 10th June, 1804, to the 7th May, 1814, when it was taken off by the direction of Mr. Haslam, as no longer answering the very purpose for which it was constructed\*.

In the year 1815, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider of provision being made for the better regulation of Mad-houses in England.

Mr. Haslam was examined by this committee, and he says, "It was the general opinion, after my examination was concluded, that I had acquitted myself with firmness and perspicuity before that tribunal."

His behaviour was so much approved of, that at the annual feast of the governors, on St. Matthew's day, 1815, Mr. Atkins, the present Lord Mayor, proposed, in the full meeting of that body, that Mr. Haslam's health should be drank; which was immediately complied with.

After the conclusion of the Parliamentary inquiries, Mr. George Rose, who had been chairman of the mad-house committee, intimated, by letter, that the medical officers should not be re-elected.

In consequence of this mandate, a general court was held, and an order was issued—

"That the medical officers should peruse the evidence contained in the Parliamentary Report, and therefrom select accusations against themselves, and then, proceed to refute them.

"This is a strong presumptive proof that you had no charges to bring against them.

"On the 30th of April, 1816, a very

\* We shall hereafter expose, at more length, the conduct of the Governors, in the affair of Norris.—ED.



numerous court was assembled, and to this collective body of governors, I had the honour to read my Observations on the Parliamentary Reports. When I had concluded, considerable applause prevailed, which, to a person of more sanguine expectations, might have seemed the harbinger of a prosperous issue."

However, at a court which met on the 15th May following, Dr. Monro and Mr. Haslam were not re-elected.

Upon this proceeding Mr. Upton observes, in a letter to Sir R. C. Glynn, "*I cannot consider that a fair case has been made out either against Dr. Monro or Mr. Haslam.*"

Mr. Haslam asserts, that during a period of twenty-one years, he was never cited before committee or court, nor has the slightest complaint in any one instance been preferred against him; and that for the last sixteen years, they made him an annual grant, beyond the fixed sum of his salary, which was continued even after the publication of the Parliamentary Reports.

It does not appear, therefore, that the medical officers were deficient in their duty. They were superintended by a weekly sub-committee, and that committee was satisfied with their conduct. Yet the Committee of the House of Commons thought the patients had not justice done them; they were not sufficiently attended.

Dr. Haslam goes on to observe—"that the emphatic terms in which a most respectable and intelligent medical practitioner, a governor of the hospital, and an active member of the general committee, has recorded the non-election of Dr. Monro and myself, that we have been *altogether sacrificed to public clamour and party spirit*, not only exempts us from the slightest disgrace, but severely transfers it to those who assumed a power they were unable to justify." He feelingly says, "if I did not feel some degree of honest indignation, at the unworthy treatment I have received, I ought to forfeit the name of man, and lose the attribute of my species."

We hope the animadversions of the Committee of the House of Commons will not be lost upon the court of governors, but will in due time produce every improvement requisite to make the establishment respectable and useful. The real fault is in the establishment being insufficient for the purpose. This the committees and the courts must long ago have observed; and if their funds were unequal to the requi-

site improvements, they might have applied to the generosity of Parliament for additional support.

Such an hospital should have a resident physician, with an adequate salary; a resident surgeon and apothecary, and half a dozen or more resident medical assistants, physicians, pupils, or junior surgeons, among whom the daily attendance of the patients should be divided in classes or wards, under the inspection of the medical officers and committee. And there should be also a physician extraordinary, to attend monthly or oftener, as visitor or inspector-general to assist the committees.

Some improper reflections have been thrown out repeatedly against the interference of the House of Commons in the Bethlem business. Chartered rights and privileges of the city are mentioned in high terms. But it should be recollected that chartered rights were granted to protect the parties so favoured from oppression, and by no means to sanction their oppressing those who were placed under their influence; much less to sanction neglect in the performance of duties enjoined by the charters.

Of the *good sense*, in the mean time, displayed upon occasion of this inquiry, by one notable member of the late House of Commons, the following copy of a letter from that Honourable Gentleman to Dr. H. with the Doctor's animadversions, will afford our readers an amusing example:—

"You will perhaps be surprised to learn, that the basis of this examination, as far as it related to Bethlem Hospital, was furnished by the manuscript of a madman, who, foiled in his attempts to foist his distempered fancies on your medical officers, with that cunning and malevolence which often form striking features in the character of the insane, commenced a systematic volume of abuse against your institution and its medical establishment. This manuscript was composed by James Tilly Matthews, a lunatic confined in your hospital. I had often heard him threaten to make it public, and, on one occasion, pluming himself on the retaliation he could make for the supposed injuries he had received, he read to me the greater part of it. As this manuscript was only the record of delusions which constituted his disorder, and formed the staple of his discourse—as its burthen was a series of imaginary grievances and pretended abuses, thoroughly impregnated with a rancorous hostility against those who were the authors of his seclusion; and, as it bore on its face the image and superscription of madness, I conceived that its circulation ought not to be prevented, on the presumption that there

existed, in the judgment of those who passed for persons of sound mind, a sufficient disrelish for absurdity to enable them to discriminate the transactions of day-light from the materials of a dream. But in this I was unhappily mistaken; and, had I profited by the errors of others, I should have acted with greater circumspection. Mr. Tooke, somewhere in his *Diversions of Purley*, acknowledges that, in the outset and progress of his career, he was guilty of two most egregious blunders; namely, 'by attributing a much greater portion of virtue to individuals, and of understanding to the generality, than any experience of mankind can justify.' This manuscript had, however, fascinated certain of the honourable members of the mad-house committee; it had been carefully perused, and, doubtless, fully digested; for I found the questions proceed in the same order they were detailed in the lunatic's journal; in some of their inquiries, they condescended to employ his peculiar expressions; and, in one instance, an honourable member left his seat to refresh his recollection at this authentic source. To this gentleman I had lent the case of Matthews, published under the title of '*Illustrations of Madness*,' who, when he had perused it, politely returned it, with the following letter:—

"SIR,—I return your illustrations with many thanks; that, by the documents you have produced, the insanity of Matthews is completely established, I readily admit, and without claiming any merit whatever from the concession; as, were I ever so much disposed to take part with his friends and advocates, in endeavouring to establish a charge of misconduct against the managers of Bethlem, I should not think it at all necessary to contend for his having been free from mental disorder; it might be quite sufficient to show, that his derangement did not require the species or degree of confinement to which he was subjected\*. Into this controversy I am not now about to enter, or to attempt to reconcile the varieties either of testimony or opinion which appear to prevail. I intend, at present, chiefly to remark on his detention. It appears to me, that when a person is confined on an allegation of lunacy, if the friends apply for his release, under the conviction, however erroneous, either of his sanity or of improper treatment, and when, to ascertain the fact, they send physicians to examine into it, they are entitled to demand and to re-

\* "Mr. Smith has omitted to consider that his protégé was a pauper lunatic, sent by the parish of Camberwell: and that Bethlem Hospital, by its constitution, acknowledged no distinction of persons. The circumstances of being poor and mad, furnished the requisite passport. There were no separate apartments appropriated for the residence of oratorical, philosophical, or political maniacs—it formed a species of republic, dispensing equal rights to those who were 'of imagination all compact.'"



ceive from those who take upon themselves to detain the party, the most convincing proofs of his derangement which can be afforded; that they ought to be cheerfully and readily furnished, with every clue which can lead to a right judgment of the case, by detecting and exposing the subject on which the mind is disordered, instead of having information withheld, under any pretence, and especially for the purpose of defeating the application. It is unquestionably right, that dangerous maniacs should not be permitted to remain at large: but it is surely of at least equal importance to the community, and particularly to the sane part of it, that they should not be liable to improper confinement—either as to cause, severity, or duration\*. I strongly suspect that, in many instances, the confinement has proved its own justification, by producing madness where before there existed only a disposition to it, or, at most, only its slightest shades: indeed, it seems to me so probable an effect, as that I should scarcely wonder if it constantly occurred, whenever the temper was at all irritable. I observe, in your relation of Matthews's case, that whatever was the nature of his delusion, when first taken into Bethlem, the train of disturbed ideas on which the proof of his subsequent insanity appears chiefly to rest, is, at least, evidently connected with his detention there, if not actually caused by it†. London Wall was the supposed residence of his tormentors: and his relations naturally express their expectation that his disorder would be diminished by his removal from the scene of the imaginary action‡; in conformity with which, it seems, that when released, he was not only wholly inoffensive, but so rational and composed, as to be trusted at large§, for a considerable time, without the least apprehension or ill consequence—nay, even that others were committed to his charge.

“I shall certainly have great pleasure in furnishing you with any information respecting the proceedings of the Committee. Having given an evidence before us, you are of courtesy entitled to the Report, which

\* “This a generous presumption, that we have no law on the subject of lunacy.”

† “As Mr. Smith was unacquainted with the nature of his delusions, when first admitted into Bethlem, it is but natural that he should conclude them to have been produced by his confinement.”

‡ “Cælum non animum mutant.”

§ “He was never trusted at large, but considered as a patient of Bethlem Hospital, transferred to a purer air for the amelioration of his bodily complaints, and in this view his own relations considered him—as they complained that he was not attended by the medical officers of Bethlem. When he was removed, I was desired by the sub-committee to ascertain that the house in which he was placed was sufficiently secure to prevent him from escaping. But these precautions did not prevent some of the members of the mad-house committee from taking him from this seat of confinement, and conveying him to New Bethlem, then unfinished, in order to profit from his architectural criticisms on that building.”

will be sent on your application to the clerk of the committee, Mr. Beeley. I am, Sir,

“Your obedient humble servant,

“WILLIAM SMITH

“Park Street, Westminster,

20th June, 1815.”

“To John Haslam, Esq. Bethlem Hospital.”

“This letter of the honourable member, from the surprise it excited, and from the novel cast of its philosophy, has hitherto remained unanswered. Indeed, much of it requires no other reply than the more mature reflection of the writer, unaided by those prejudices which seem to have inflamed his zeal, and warbled a requiem to his judgment. Mr. Smith directly acknowledges, ‘without claiming any merit whatever from the concession,’\* that I have ‘completely established the insanity of Matthews,’ and this was the principal object of my publication. Mr. Smith, however, means chiefly to ‘remark on his detention.’ With that, however, I had no concern, as will appear from the following statement of facts.—He was admitted into Bethlem on the 28th January, 1797. His friends, however, conceived him to be of sane mind, and, on the 2d of May, of the same year, he was, by a writ of habeas, brought to the house of the late Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, who, after conversing with him, ordered him to be taken back to Bethlem. In this instance, he was detained by the authority of a judge. On the 21st January, 1798, his insanity continuing without abatement, he was placed on the incurable establishment, being deemed an improper person to be entrusted with his liberty. On this establishment he continued, without any interference on the part of his relations, fautors, or disciples, for eleven years, namely, until 1809, when his friends again, through the medium of a court of law, applied for his liberation, and which, being submitted to the decision of two judges, was not complied with†. Previously to this decision, you had applied to the Secretary of State for an order to detain him, and had obtained the warrant.—This was your own act, for it must be evident that no Secretary of State would have granted such instrument of detention to the bare request of your medical officers; and to them, as individuals, it was of no importance where he was placed, but they considered it a duty to state their opinions concerning his insanity, and to adduce proofs of its mischievous tendency.

“But to sum up the circumstances of his detention; when his most evident and palpable madness was, by his relations, winked at as an interesting and philosophical system, and when they succeeded in procuring two physicians, who were induced to swear

\* “Concession is, perhaps, a word of too much authority; for, if Mr. Smith has parted with any thing beyond the conviction of his reason, it is concession that generates neither gratitude nor respect.

† “Vide my ‘Illustrations of Madness,’ which give the history of his case—Sold by Gallow, Crown Court, Soho.

that he was of sound mind: the determination of his case was referred to those eminent medical practitioners constituted by act of parliament, and delegated by the College of Physicians, as commissioners for visiting the receptacles for the insane. These gentlemen, after sufficient personal examination of Matthews, did ‘severally make oath and say, that they had, on Wednesday, the 29th of November, a long examination of the patient James Tilley Matthews, at Bethlem Hospital, and that they took considerable pains in ascertaining the state of his mind, and that it is their positive and decided opinion, as the result of such examination, that the patient is in a most deranged state of intellect, and wholly unfit to be at large.’

“Sworn at my chambers, Serjeant’s Inn, by Sir Lucas Pepys, Robert Darling Willis, Samuel Foart Simmons, Richard Budd, Henry Ainsley, James Hayworth, William Lambe, Richard Powell.—The above-named deponents, this 30th day of November, 1809, before me,—S. LE BLANC.”

Some observations of Dr. H. on the new Bethlem Hospital, in St. George’s Fields, demand our regard, but must, for the present, be omitted. Our limits force us to conclude; and while we unhesitatingly pronounce, that a case of greater meanness, duplicity, and turpitude, has seldom been substantiated against any corporate body, than this against the Governors of Bethlem Hospital:—we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of citing Dr. H.’s concluding paragraph, in which, it will be allowed, is evinced the most becoming feeling:—

“Gentlemen, from the facts which I have already submitted to your perusal, you must be convinced, that the sole object of the present letter is, by a fair and manly exposition of my own conduct, to demonstrate to you and the public, that, during the long period of my continuance in your service, I strictly and conscientiously performed my duty; and that you have hitherto withheld from me that justice to which I am legally and honourably intitled. If the developement I have been compelled to make should reflect on the conduct of others, I can only lament its necessity, for the advancement of truth, and for the confirmation of character. The time which has elapsed since our separation has extinguished the desire of retaliation, and expelled the venom of resentment; but I am still free to confess, that if I did not feel some degree of honest indignation at the unworthy treatment I have received, I ought to forfeit the name of man, and lose the attributes of my species. It is reputation alone which I have sought to maintain, and I trust the foregoing pages have fully rewarded my endeavour. Character is the holy and honourable substitute for opulence and title. It is the earliest solicitude which marks the dawn of reason—the goodly preparation of



life, and the latest of our anxieties. It is that prop which keeps the man erect when age and infirmities would bow him to the earth. Like the majestic source of light, it may, for an interval, be obscured, but it cannot be extinguished. The possession of character is more precious than life itself; and, by the virtuous mind, is defended, even at the hazard of existence. It is the immortality of this world, and the surest foundation for the hopes of a better; and, as it is neither to be created by authority, nor transmitted by power, it cannot be destroyed by privileged oppression or chartered injustice."

#### DOGS FROM BAFFIN'S BAY.

*To the Editor of the Literary Journal.*

SIR,—One of the dogs, whose fate your pathetic deprecation was not in time to avert, was killed last Friday in some of the buildings attached to the British Museum; but in this I can assure you no blame whatever attaches to the officers of that National Establishment, where there is no menagerie and a regulation of the trustees prohibits the keeping of animals alive.

The dogs, indeed, were not sent to the British Museum, but were the private property of Dr. Leach, to whom they were presented. One of them has been sent to the Museum of Natural History in Paris, where there is an extensive menagerie, and to which the government is less parsimonious in its grants than the British Parliament is to our own Museum; and where the dog will, therefore, probably be preserved alive. The other dog was successively offered to every menagerie in London, and refused by them. It being discovered that it would be impossible to keep him loose, on account of his disposition to fight other dogs, which he would soon have killed, by his superior strength and the extreme sharpness of his claws; it was determined to kill and stuff him, when he will be preserved in the Museum, to which Dr. Leach has presented him.

These dogs are the same as those now called Newfoundland\*, which were originally obtained from the Esquimaux on the coast of Labrador: their heads and tails resemble those of a fox, and their skins are exceeding thick with long hair.

I am happy to learn that the oversight, in not sending some professor of natural history with the late Arctic Expeditions, is to be repaired in the one to sail next spring, in which it is said a Mr. Gill is engaged, who will, I trust, enable us to add much to our information relative to the natural history of these regions, should the adventurers fail to discover the more immediate object of their voyage.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

Dec. 14, 1818.

BIPES.

\* Twenty or thirty years ago, the dogs called Newfoundland, were large, rough coated, curly haired, and of a liver and white colour.

#### RED SNOW.

*To the Editor of the Literary Journal.*

SIR,—All that Mr. Brande has stated respecting the Red Snow amounts to this,—That its colour depends upon the dung of birds which feed upon fish; and that their dung contains uric acid. It is doubtful whether the red colour is modified uric acid, or derived from some other cause.

VEAX.

#### FREE DRAWING-SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of the Literary Journal.*

SIR,—The Proposal for a Colonial Institution, mentioned in your interesting Journal, which reflects the highest honour on the head and heart of the proposer, has, I observe, an Appendix, respecting the establishment of Free Drawing-Schools. On the latter subject I should wish to make some few observations.

This most desirable object, I am fearful, cannot be fully attained without the assistance of a parliamentary grant. But the necessity of some general plan of instruction in the art of design, in its most simple and specific meaning, namely, the delineation of objects, must be obvious to every one who has at all thought on the subject. How many men of high eminence do we hear continually regretting that they had not devoted some portion of their time, in youth, to the acquirement of this most useful power. There are few, from the king to the peasant, who would not find in it an advantage, for profit or pleasure, either to advance them in their various objects of study, or to afford them a most delightful recreation.

The prince, the statesman, the judge\*, the various professors of arts and sciences, the warrior, the merchant, the tradesman, and artisans of all descriptions, who have acquired the art of drawing, find it of the most essential service; and those who want that knowledge, feel it to be the greatest detriment to their several pursuits, and that it too often causes them to be unsuccessful in things originally well planned.

In my next, if you will indulge me by inserting this, I will endeavour to point out some of the probable causes of the neglect in our education of this most useful art for general purposes, (independent of the exaltation it gives to the national character, when pursued in its highest branches of historic or poetic painting.)

\* In a cause tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before Sir Vicary Gibbs, where the plaintiff sued the defendant for goods damaged by supposed bad packing on board a vessel; from the various and contradictory evidences of a number of witnesses, the Court could come to no conclusion, until the counsel for defendant made a drawing, which being approved of by the principal witness, it was handed up to the Judge, and the cause was instantly decided in his favour. Thus the truth was obtained by a simple drawing.

the principal of which I conceive to be, the want of proper instruction. From this cause, many, who have a taste for drawing, and a desire to improve, often retire in disgust from the pursuit, and despair of attaining excellence in an art which their teachers themselves do not appear perfectly to comprehend, or at least, of which, understanding, they have not the power to impart their knowledge.

I remain, sir, your's, &c.

H.

#### MILFORD-HAVEN DOCK-YARD.

*To the Editor of the Literary Journal.*

SIR,—The friendly zeal of your Sais'nig correspondent towards the principality, which has appeared in the Literary Journal of Saturday, October 24th, under the signature of Sais, is entitled to attention from native Cymry, and as one of these, I address him on the subject of his late inquiry, respecting the name given by the Admiralty to the Royal Dock-Yard, lately established on Milford Haven.

This query leads to no remote history.—The origin of this misnomer (for such it truly is) appears to have been very accidental, and, perhaps, owing to a very slight acquaintance of the locale at the time, as the reports of the neighbourhood give the following as the only reason, why it has been named Pembroke Dock-Yard.

When the first Lord of the Admiralty inspected this new establishment, the then Mayor of Pembroke waited on his lordship, and preferred an earnest request, that this Royal Dock-Yard might, in future, bear the name of Pembroke Dock-Yard. This sudden request met with flattering reception, and was granted on the spot by his lordship; and thence this Dock-Yard has, ever since, taken its distinguishing name from Pembroke. But it cannot be denied, that had this great naval establishment been named the ROYAL MILFORD-HAVEN DOCK-YARD, the nomination would have been much more correct, and Sais is well warranted in his remark, that such distinction would have been more flattering and complimentary to the southern principality, than that which it now derives, from a town of little trade, out of sight of this Dock-Yard, which thus bears its name, and whose borough consequence is shared with that of Wiston and Tenby, in its fluctuating political importance.

Pembroke has already proved itself so ill situated to meet the convenient accommodation of the shipwrights employed in this new establishment, that habitations and a church for them have been actually planned, close to the Dock-Yard. This fact gives additional weight to the many other reasons, why Milford-Haven Dock-Yard should be released from its present titular connection with Pembroke.

I trust these explanatory remarks will not appear unfriendly to that important



naval establishment, which has already extended prosperously in *Milford-Haven*.

Let it but derive its future name from its *actual* and distinguished situation, and instantly every lurking jealousy will cease; and henceforth unanimous and cordial good wishes for its future success would *alone* be heard throughout the principality.

CYMRU.

#### EPITAPH IN DEVONSHIRE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—There is evidently a misnomer in your Journal of the 21st inst.

My friend's name was *Thomas Tanner*, and not *Ben. Tuttle*, which appellation, I presume, was intended to designate his garrulity; and, with respect to *Ben.*, I perceive, that *Hearty Ben.* forms an *Anagram* on the name of the *Eminent Professional Gentleman*, under whom he studied at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where Mr. Tanner was held in much respect, and is *sincerely lamented*. He was afflicted with deafness, which Astley Cooper, Esq. considerably relieved by perforating the tympanum.

Mr. Tanner had, however, undermined his health and destroyed his constitution by intense application to his studies, and was cut off in the prime of life, to the great grief of his family and friends at Exeter.

I am, sir,  
Your most obedient servant,  
A FELLOW STUDENT.

Tothill-fields, 23d Nov.

#### TEST FOR SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—Without trenching on the privileges of a certain gin-merchant, greatly celebrated for his patriotism\*, or attempting to prove the immediate necessity of applying the one to keep alive the flame of the other; I beg leave to suggest to those of your readers, who are in the habit of sipping this *highly healthful* beverage, the following method, by which they may at least ascertain the relative proportions of proof spirit which the various compounds sold under this title contain.

It is merely necessary to take a new laid egg, and, making a small orifice at one end, draw out the whole of the yolk, &c. then carefully seal the hole with wax, leaving a lump of the latter of sufficient weight to balance the shell which must be marked, with a pencil or knife, parallel with the surface of the liquor, making several small divisions, or de-

grees, above and below the *water-mark*; on each of which degrees affix a number, or colour them so as to ascertain the precise point, when a portion of the shell is immersed in the liquor.—As the liquor increases in strength, its buoyancy will increase in an equal ratio: so that, supposing the shell floated midway in proof spirit, a larger portion of it would be immersed if the spirit was diluted with water, and *vice versa*.

P. S. It is equally applicable to wine, compounds, or any other liquor containing alcohol.

#### X'S REBUS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—You have admitted a most villainous rebus, signed X., into your respectable Journal; at first, I thought it alluded to me, but you have printed none of my rhyme, and therefore it will only apply to *Beppo*. If the writer means *Beppo*, he is an ass for his pains, as those luxurious "Dreams" will witness; but, "Envy, will merit, as its shade pursue."

You, Sir, should have used more caution, and not have suffered such a contemptible attack to disgrace your pages.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,  
12th Dec. 1813. W. J. BLAND.

#### MISS KELLY.

[The following letters relate to that excellent actress, Miss Kelly. We hope some arrangement may be made which will secure to the public the delight of witnessing the exertion of her great talents.]

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by the opportunity which your kindness affords me of contradicting in the proper way, the report which a few days ago required no contradiction. My engagement at Covent Garden Theatre was fixed and settled, excepting as related to the consent of the Sub-Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, which I find Mr. Harris deemed it necessary to obtain, in consequence of a certain compact between the two Theatres, by which each is bound not to engage any performer who has belonged (within twelve months) to the rival Theatre! The Sub-Committee, who have not chosen to retain my services in Drury Lane Theatre, have thought it proper and just to refuse their consent; being resolved that, as they do not want my services themselves, they shall not be employed in any other Theatre to which their influence can reach. By this act of the Sub-Committee, I am deprived of a liberal, and, in every respect, advantageous, engagement at Covent Garden, and for aught they know to the contrary, may be exposed, together with all those dependent on my exertions, to want the

common necessities of life! So much for the merciless compact.

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,  
F. M. KELLY.

Henrietta Street, Covent  
Garden, Dec. 9.

SIR,—As you have given publicity to Miss Kelly's letter, reflecting on the conduct of our Sub-Committee, with regard to that lady, I trust you will also allow me the like opportunity of stating the plain matter of fact, which, as Manager of Drury Lane Theatre, I feel myself called upon to lay before the public.

Previous to the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, at the request of the Sub-Committee, who were most anxious to retain all the prominent talent which they possessed last season; I wrote a letter to Miss Kelly, containing an offer of her former terms, namely, twenty pounds per week, provided she would restrict her assistance, whilst it remained open, to their Theatre. To this letter I received an answer from Miss Kelly declining any engagement. How this agrees with Miss Kelly's assertion, that the Sub-Committee did not chuse to retain her services, the public will judge.

This statement necessity has wrung from me; and no feeling of hostility towards Miss Kelly, whose talents no one can more admire than I do, and the loss of whose assistance in the Theatre, no one at the time could have more sincerely lamented. It is an honest relation of the truth; then surely neither Miss Kelly, nor any of her most partial friends, can blame the Sub-Committee, if circumstances of distress (which I hope not likely) have fallen on herself, or those dependent on her exertions; for if such were likely to be the consequence, would she have rejected so handsome an establishment?

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
STEPHEN KEMBLE.

Theatre Royal, Drury  
Lane, Dec. 11.

SIR,—Shocked as I am to be compelled to obtrude myself on public attention, and totally incompetent as I know myself to be to engage in any thing like controversy with Mr. Stephen Kemble, I consider myself to be imperiously called upon to notice his letter which appeared in your paper of this day, in which I am very unceremoniously accused of having uttered a deliberate falsehood. I shall not so far forget myself as to retort the accusation upon Mr. Stephen Kemble; I will rather, in charity, believe that he must have forgotten the circumstances of my short correspondence with him, when he ventures to impute to me the utterance of an untruth. I will also believe that Mr. Stephen Kemble was ignorant of the nature of my former engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, when the subjoined letters passed between us, or he would

\* A short time since, Mr. Coates, of Holborn Hill, patriotic gin-merchant and citizen, published (I believe), in the Times newspaper, an essay to show the amazing improvement likely to accrue, both to morality and health, by drinking plentifully of the genuine liquor vended (of course) at his establishment.



have known that the salary I received was fully adequate to my utmost wishes; but that salary was, by no means, the most essential consideration with me. In my former engagement, I had expressly stipulated for an absence of six weeks to fulfil an engagement in Ireland: and the Sub-Committee were *fully apprized* of my existing engagement at the English Opera House, which precluded the *possibility* of my accepting one which required, as a preliminary condition, that my services should be confined to Drury Lane Theatre *during the whole of the season*.

The offer, therefore, was no offer at all—it was an unworthy artifice to arm the Sub-Committee with a defensive answer, in case any inquiry should be made by those who condescend to consider my humble talents as of some consequence to a theatre. Besides this, it will be observed, that Mr. S. Kemble's letter to me is dated August 5th, about one month *only* before the usual period of opening the theatre! The Sub-Committee (from whom I had received, during the whole past season, the most unprovoked insults, with a detail of which it is unnecessary to trouble the public), were perfectly conscious that I had received my *regular discharge* at the end of the season, together with all others not under articles; and they must have been well aware, that I had not suffered more than half the summer to elapse, without making such arrangements for country engagements, as might occupy a portion of my future time, and which I was compelled to form, by the natural conclusion, that they had no intention to retain my services. The following offer, through Mr. Stephen Kemble, therefore, coupled with restrictions, which they knew it to be impossible for me to comply with, was a *mere mockery*, and as such I considered it.

Henrietta Street, Dec. 12, 1818.

[COPY, No. 1.]

"MADAM,—I have it in command from the gentlemen of the Sub-Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, to offer you, for the next season, the terms you had last season; only I am desired to observe, that they require your talents to be confined to this concern, solely, during the whole of the season. The privilege of writing orders, I am desired to inform you, is discontinued. I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,  
(Signed) "S. KEMBLE."

"Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,  
Aug. 5, 1818."

[COPY, No. 2.]

SIR,—Pressure of business and some illness have prevented my earlier reply to your letter. From what I now hear of the state of Drury Lane Theatre, I presume it will not be requisite to trouble either you or myself with an answer which would necessarily be at considerable length. It will be sufficient to say, at present, that the total neglect of the Sub Committee has driven me to form engagements elsewhere, independent of prior ones, which they are fully aware of,

and which would render it *impossible* for me to have accepted the terms of your proposal.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,  
"Your obedient servant,  
"F. M. KELLY."

It must also be noticed, that at the time I received this offer, such as it was, an injunction from the Court of Chancery had restrained the Sub-Committee, as I understood, from entering into any *engagement whatever*; and it will be seen, by my answer to Mr. Kemble, that I declined going into *particulars* on that account, "for the present;" but when the injunction was removed, there was not the slightest inclination manifested by him to renew the negotiation.

The public have now my case before them; they will best decide whether I am not justified in asserting that the Sub-Committee "*have not chosen to retain my services*," which they might have retained had they thought proper, as in the former season, for such periods as their own contemptuous neglect had left at my disposal; and, also, how far Mr. S. Kemble is justified in the charge of falsehood, which he has not scrupled to bring against me. I cannot conclude without observing that Mr. S. Kemble, in his anxiety to prove me guilty of an untruth in one respect, has totally overlooked the main grievance of which I am to complain. The fact of my being deprived of a liberal engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, by the perverted operation of an injurious *compact*, remains uncontradicted: whatever may be Mr. S. Kemble's hopes and wishes on the subject, the stubborn truth exists in all its force, that I am the victim of a cruel conspiracy—that by the unjust interference of the Sub-Committee, I am deprived of the fruits of my professional labours—and that I am compelled to draw upon my limited and hardly-earned savings for the means of present subsistence. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
F. M. KELLY.

As we wish to do justice to both parties, we insert Miss Kelly's letter in answer to that of Mr. Stephen Kemble, written by that gentleman, by desire of the Sub-Committee of Drury Lane Theatre. We entertain a perfect confidence in the open candour and manly firmness of Mr. Kemble's character, and are persuaded that he acted to the best of his judgment, according to the information which he had received; but it seems evident that he was not apprized of the engagements into which Miss Kelly had entered, and which precluded her from accepting such an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre as required her to devote the whole of her exertions to that theatre. If the Sub-Committee were themselves fully apprized of those engagements, the condition which they proposed of confining her efforts to their theatre, rendered their offer, indeed, as she says, a kind of "*mockery*." But the main question between the public and the theatres is this—

shall an excellent actress, and a very amiable young woman, who is most deservedly one of the chief favourites of the public, be deprived of an opportunity of exerting her talents for the support of herself and her family, by any *compact* between the two theatres, and shall the public, by such compact, be deprived of the pleasure which those talents are so eminently qualified to afford?

#### QUACK MEDICINES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—It is lamentable to think of the multitude of empirics who now infest London and its vicinity: and it is still more painful to reflect upon the number of credulous and deluded persons, who are deliberately destroyed by their ignorance and cruelty. It cannot but appear wonderful, that a system so pernicious in its effects, not only to the individual, but to the public at large, should remain unnoticed by the legislature. Innumerable are the evils which are occasioned by the practices of these pretenders to medical science: the numerous dupes of their designing arts are impoverished; population is diminished; the vigour and constitutions of our countrymen are daily impaired; scientific knowledge is despised, and ingenious merit goes unrewarded; while, in many instances, the unskilful empiric securely lolls in the lap of luxury, and riots in ostentatious splendour—the source of misery to his fellow-creatures.

The public now groan under the burthen of quack medicines, obtruded on their notice through the medium of the news-papers, several of which are filled with advertisements recommending these doubtful and dreadful compounds; and it is impossible to walk in many of the public streets without being loaded with handbills, promising, in the strongest terms, infallible relief to the afflicted in all cases, and inviting them to swallow their murderous compounds, for the cure of disorders so very different in their natures, as to expose, at first sight, their ignorance and impudence, to all but the grossly ignorant, to whom, indeed, these delusive applications are particularly addressed. Can it, for a moment, be supposed, that one and the same medicine can act as a specific in the cure of diseases totally opposite in their nature, and, consequently, requiring a different method of treatment, in regard to regimen as well as medicine? A moment's reflection must show us the folly of such a supposition; and it should also bring to our imagination the numerous train of evils necessarily attendant upon an indiscriminate use of these pernicious nostrums, which are prescribed to persons of every description, no distinction being observed in regard to sex, age, the difference in temperament and constitution, or any other necessary circumstance. But, such is the credulity of a great part of mankind, that they suffer themselves to be duped by these barefaced artifices; and, depending on a ca-



talogue of pretended cures, (into the authenticity of which they never give themselves the trouble to inquire,) they add to the number of the deceived; and, without any attention to habit, constitution, or age, dose themselves with pills, potions, and powders, merely on the credit of these fabricated attestations; and, at the expense of their health, and danger of their lives, largely minister to the fraud and avarice of these retailers of poison.

It is evident, that the only way in which a quack medicine gets celebrated, is, by being constantly *puffed off* in advertisements. When a cure has been performed, or supposed to have been performed, by any of these compositions, thousands of advertisements are distributed, in all possible ways, to make it universally known and attended to; but not a word is whispered, not a syllable dropped, of the thousands who, having credulously swallowed these incongruous remedies, have found the relief *they* could not give in the grave, or have continued to drag on a miserable existence in a state worse than death!

Why are not these cases revealed to the public? What should prevent professional men, who must daily witness the mischief occasioned by these noxious drugs, from publishing them to the world? Societies are forming almost every day for various benevolent purposes; let one, then, equally beneficial, be instituted for the purpose of convincing the public of the dangerous consequences of quackery. To this end, let well-attested cases of the injuries produced by these mysterious remedies be published; no unfair means should be used, but every well-authenticated failure should be fairly and unequivocally submitted to the public, who would then perceive how egregiously duped they have been by quacks and their nostrums.

But empirics are not contented with publishing their miserable insertions in the newspapers; but volumes, which many of the nominal authors are unable to read, come forth, persuading the deluded multitude that the *most* dangerous diseases are removed, and the *most* (they deal largely in superlatives), desperate cases cured, by balsams of life and health, each of which, according to the pompous accounts of these hireling eulogists, possesses all the virtues of the whole *materia medica*; and is alone sufficient to prolong life to a period of years beyond that which is generally allotted to the race of man. That evils of such magnitude should be suffered to pass unnoticed,—and that the lives of so many useful members of society should be thus trifled with, and sported away without the interposition of the legislature, (in most other cases, equally careful of property and life,) is sufficient to excite the greatest astonishment; and it is still more surprising, that the learned body, to whom the practice of physic is legally committed, and whose abilities are as extensive as the power with which they are invested, will

suffer such enormities to proceed. An act of Parliament has, indeed, been obtained, which enacts, that no person shall, after the 1st of September, 1815, practice as an apothecary in England or Wales, without having first procured a diploma from the Society of Apothecaries; but this act has no authority over those persons who were in practice previous to the above-mentioned period; consequently, it can have no controul over those empirics who *flourished* before it was enacted. The subversion of quackery is, indeed, a most desirable object; and it is devoutly to be wished that some method, ere long, will be adopted for that purpose. Were some benevolent member of the great council of the nation to turn his attention to an object of such importance, there is scarcely a doubt but his efforts would be crowned with success: and that he would richly merit the good wishes and gratitude of his countrymen, it is hardly needful to add.

T. R.

THE FUNERAL  
OF  
HER LATE MAJESTY  
*Sophia Charlotte,*  
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.  
§c. §c.

(Concluded from our last, p. 595.)

The next day having been appointed for performing the last rites to her Majesty, soon after nine o'clock, the lancers, who were to conduct the royal remains, assembled in front of the Palace at Kew; and, half an hour after, the hearse, with eight horses, was drawn, up and received the coffin, when the procession began to move to Frogmore, where it arrived about seven o'clock; here it received an addition, both in numbers and pomp, and then proceeded on to Windsor.

The number of persons admitted as spectators, on this occasion, into St. George's Chapel, and not forming part of the preparation itself, was very small, being limited to fifty-four, who were allowed, by means of tickets, to pass by the eastern door of the chapel, adjoining to the deanery, and to take their station in the organ-loft, from whence a tolerable view, both of the entrance of the procession and the solemn concluding ceremony, could be obtained. The reason for thus limiting the number of persons to be admitted into the chapel, is obvious to those who recollect, that at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, the rapacity of the Dean and Chapter of Windsor occasioned the most disgraceful scenes. Tickets of admission, on this occasion, were first sold at five guineas each; afterwards, they were reduced to two guineas; and, when it was found that the chapel was not full, or, rather, that the curiosity of the spectators would still induce them to squeeze into it, tickets were sold at the door, at half-a-guinea each; the consequence was, that the pressure, partly occasioned by the

crowd, but more particularly by the pickpockets, caused continual shrieking during the whole of the solemn ceremony. To prevent a recurrence so disgraceful to the parties who caused it, and so painful to the feelings of the Royal Family, the Prince Regent, on the funeral of his august mother, ordered the keys of St. George's Chapel to be given up to the Deputy Earl-Marshal, and no person to be admitted but by tickets from him; and, so strictly was this observed, that the Dean and Canons were actually admitted by tickets from Lord Henry Molyneux Howard. At eight o'clock, the notes of the organ were heard, and the choir entered, each singer bearing a lighted taper in his hand, and singing the well-known anthem from Croft's burial service. The strength and completeness of this choral band, at least treble the usual number allotted to the cathedral service, and the select members of the principal choirs in and near the metropolis, breaking in upon the silence which before prevailed, produced an effect truly solemn and impressive. The procession then entered by the south door of the chapel, nearly in the same order as given in the ceremonial previously arranged for the obsequies of her Majesty. The pall which covered the royal body was supported on each side by three Dukes; the Dukes of Northumberland, Dorset, and St. Albans, on one side; of Newcastle, Montrose, and Beaufort, on the other. The royal body was followed by the Prince Regent, as chief mourner, supported by the Marquisses of Buckingham and Winchester, and attended by the Marquisses of Bath, Salisbury, Headfort, Cornwallis, and Camden, as train-bearers: next followed, as assistants to the chief-mourner, Earl Delawarr, Viscounts Lake and Bulkeley, Lords Boston, Amherst, Arden, Graves, Longford, Beresford, Rivers, Grenville, St. Helens, Henley, and Hill. As these severally entered the chapel, the van of the procession moved forwards into the choir, the Windsor knights, pages, ushers, and other officers, ranging themselves around on the steps of the altar. The members of the royal family, of whom we perceived to be present the Dukes of York and Sussex, and those noblemen on whom the Order of the Garter had been conferred, stationed themselves in their respective stalls. The great dignitaries of the church, of whom were present the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, with the bishops of London and Salisbury, occupied their respective places within the choir. The royal body having been carried to the steps of the altar, was placed on the platform prepared to receive it; the pall was removed, and the crown and cushion placed on the coffin. The Prince Regent, as chief-mourner, being seated in a chair at the head of the corpse, surrounded by his supporters and train-bearers, standing, the funeral service commenced in the usual manner, as performed at cathedrals, and at the demise of great and illustrious persons. The first Psalm having been chanted by



the choir, in the same finished manner as the anthem with which the ceremony commenced, the service was read by the Dean of Windsor, in that unaffected and impressive manner which is required by this sublime portion of our rubric. At the end of the first part, the celebrated anthem by Kent, "*Hear my Prayer*," was introduced, and executed in a very finished manner. The coffin was then let down into the vault prepared for it, and the solemnity was closed in the manner usual on these occasions, by the venerable Sir Isaac Heard\*, who pronounced, in a distinct voice, and standing near the grave, the style and titles of her late Majesty. As the mourners and attendants on this striking ceremony began slowly to separate, and to quit the chapel, the notes of the organ again filled the edifice, and produced, at once, the richest and most soothing effect. The numerous company separated without the least disorder or inconvenience; and in a few minutes after the obsequies of her late Majesty had closed, no vestige remained of the solemn pageantry which had just passed before the eyes of the spectators.

The whole ceremony was conducted in a manner that reflects great credit on all concerned in its management: no confusion nor difficulty arose in its progress; nor did the different persons who formed the procession appear at all embarrassed, or at a loss to discover the situations in which they were to be placed.

The following is the inscription on the coffin:—

Deposuit  
Sereuissimæ Principissæ Charlottæ Dei gratia  
Reginæ consortis augustissimi et potentissimi monarchæ  
Georgii Tertii Dei gratia Britanniarum Regis  
Fidei Defensoris, Regis Hanoveræ ac Brunsvici  
et Lunenburgi Ducis,  
Obiit xvii die Novembris,  
Anno Domini MDCCCXVIII.  
Ætatis suæ LXXV.

### FORGERY OF BANK NOTES.

AN accident led us, for the first time in our lives, into the court of justice in the Old Bailey, on the morning of Saturday fortnight last, where we happened to see something of the trials for uttering forged Bank notes, of which so much has been since said, and concerning which so much misrepresentation has gone abroad.

While we give our unqualified suffrage to the Trial by Jury, we watch its operation with jealousy, and are far from believing in the infallibility of decisions. But the verdicts of the Juries, upon the trials of Williams and Connor, do not entirely displease us.

It is a mistake that those verdicts were,

\* Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms, attained his eighty-eighth year on the tenth of the present month. It has been his melancholy duty to attend the funeral ceremonies of six members of our royal family, viz. (according to their generations,)—George II, Frederick, Prince of Wales, Queen Charlotte, Princess Anna, Princess Charlotte of Wales, and her royal infant.

in any degree, interferences with the law; they involve nothing but questions of evidence—questions entirely within the province of the Jury.

Williams was charged with selling forged Bank notes, and particularly a ten-pound Bank note, to one Underwood, a person employed to purchase notes, in order to bring the sellers to justice. This was a case of *blood-money*; and, sensible as we are of the difficulty of reaching offenders without resorting to such means, yet the evils to be feared, on the other side, are so appalling, that we earnestly desire its total abolition. The Jury said, by their foreman, "That they could not credit Underwood." This they said on their oaths; and it is to be trusted that they said so truly, and not from any uniform resolution to refuse the testimony of a person standing in Underwood's situation. The Jury were bound to consider the credibility of the individual. To render the evidence of all persons in his situation inadmissible, and not capable of being given to a Jury, belongs to Parliament only, and would be very properly by Parliament so rendered.—All that we contend for is, that the Jury did no more than declare their opinion of the evidence—and this, whether they declared truly or falsely, they had an undoubted and constitutional right to do.

The foreman said, "We cannot credit the testimony of Underwood." They ought to have meant, "That they did not believe Underwood spoke the truth;" if they meant any thing else,—if they meant, for example, that they would not consent to receive the evidence of a person in Underwood's situation—then they were sworn. But, by the terms of their verdict, they addressed themselves to the evidence only, and not to the law, and therefore they did not violate the constitution of Trial by Jury.

We confess that we were any thing but prepossessed by the vulgar boisterousness of the tone and manner with which the foreman delivered the verdict;—a tone and manner which might encourage a suspicion that the second interpretation which we have suggested was, in fact, the true one. We are not, with the Courier, worshippers of the "Judges of the Land;" but the rights of Englishmen, and the dictates of truth, do not need to be asserted with an insolence of demeanour. There was a decided want of temper in the manner of the foreman—a want of temper certainly very unbecoming the occasion, and very fit to raise a doubt as to the motives of the verdict.

It surprises us, that the stentorian voice in which the words "We cannot credit the testimony of Underwood" was uttered, seems not to have reached the ears of the reporters for the newspapers. If it had, whole columns of misrepresentation upon the subject would certainly have been spared. But there is another anecdote, connected with the acquittal of Williams, exceedingly curious under all its aspects, and which must, at least, weaken our belief in the infallibility of Juries!

We did not enter the court till the judge was summing up the evidence upon the trial of that prisoner, and consequently we were only able to collect the substance of his indictment from what subsequently met our ears. The Jury, upon returning into court, pronounced, by their foreman, this verdict:—"We find the prisoner guilty of uttering a one-pound note, &c." Now, will it be believed, that this was not the issue which the Jury had been sworn to try? This Jury was a London Jury. To them had been committed the case in which Underwood was a witness—and the case of the one-pound note was the subject of a separate indictment, to be afterward tried by a Middlesex Jury. Upon the bringing in of this irregular verdict, it was observed, by the bar, that this verdict of guilty, upon a charge not before the Jury, and silence upon the charge which they were actually to try, was a virtual acquittal. It was upon being questioned, as to what they had done with that which was their real business—the charge of the ten-pound note, &c. sold to Underwood—that the foreman replied, "We cannot credit the testimony of Underwood."

The foregoing circumstances are sufficiently curious; but what is more curious still, is this, that when, on the following Monday, the charge of the one pound, &c. with which Underwood had nothing to do, and with which the London Jury had had nothing to do, but upon which that London Jury had irregularly pronounced a verdict of guilty—when that charge was regularly made before a Middlesex Jury, that Middlesex Jury pronounced a verdict of *Not Guilty*!—Thus, of two Juries, severally judging of one case, and severally sworn to decide according to evidence, one acquitted, and one condemned. Is not this enough to moderate our enthusiasm for the Trial by Jury, in a moral view—however steadfastly we may abide by it, as affording, amid its imperfections, the best of all possible human tribunals?

The case of Connor alias Walker, was of a different description. This man was accused of having attempted to put off a forged one-pound note, in a cheesemonger's shop. The criminal intention of the prisoner seemed to be strongly made out by the evidence; but the Jury refused to believe the evidence of the Bank inspector, and the signing clerk, as to the reality of the forgery. This was the decision of a Middlesex Jury, the same, we believe, which acquitted Williams on the Monday following; and we cannot help suspecting, that these verdicts of the Middlesex Jury were humble imitations of the London Jury, made without a due advertence to the difference of the principles involved in the respective cases.

Still, we say, that these verdicts do not entirely displease us. We are not sorry to see Juries strict in their views of evidence; and these verdicts, as we are bound to believe, were conscientiously given with reference to the evidence alone, and not through any unconstitutional attempt to dictate the law.





A PORTRAIT OF  
SRI VICRIMI RAJAH SINHA,  
LATE KING OF CANDY;

*Being a fac-simile of a pen-and-ink sketch, taken by an Officer, in the British service, soon after the capture of that Prince, at Tildennye, near Medemahanowera, in the province of Dombera, on the 18th of February, 1815.*

VICRIMI RAJAH is the descendant of a race of Malabar princes, who, for between one and two hundred years, have reigned in Candia, the central and independent part of the island of Ceylon. In 1814, Sir Robert Brownrigg, the Governor of Ceylon, misled by the intrigues of the Rajah's prime minister, Eheilapola, and apparently not unwilling to enter upon the career of conquest, and "cashiering of kings," which, at that time, had been so long practised with success in Europe, commenced a war with the Candian sovereign, who overpowered, much more by domestic treason than by his foreign enemy, was speedily compelled to quit his capital, and take refuge, in the disguise of a common person, in the province of Dombera. On the night of the 18th of February, 1815, an armed party of Eheilapola's adherents discovered the house in which their sovereign was concealed, in Tildennye, a hamlet, at the distance of about two miles from Medemahanowera. He was accompanied by two of his wives and a few of his more faithful followers. Eheilapola's party surrounded the

dwelling, the door of which was strongly barricaded. The Rajah's followers resisted the attack, and badly wounded, with their pikes and swords, two of Eheilapola's party, who, in return, fired, and mortally wounded one or two of the attendants of the Rajah. The destruction of the house was now commenced, and the wall of the chamber, in which the Rajah was, being thrown down, and his person exposed to view, he then surrendered himself, together with his wives. Though the dress of the superior Cingalese is rich and costly, the common people are usually almost without any clothes, and, in this state, the Rajah, conformably to his purpose of disguise, was found. He was soon after delivered up to an English party, the officers of which, upon being admitted into his presence, were surprized at seeing a handsome lusty man, of rather prepossessing aspect, not unlike, as they thought—the late Charles James Fox. He complained of the treatment he had met with, and pointed to the marks of fetters on his arm—asking, at the same time, "Whether that was usage for a king?" At this moment, he was moved to tears, but soon resumed an appearance of something like cheerfulness. He several times laid a stress upon the hopes he entertained of being protected, and suitably treated, by the British government\*.

\* For a history of the Candian revolution, and its consequences, and anecdotes of Vicrimi Rajah, see the Colonial Journal—Ed.

ESQUIMAUX OF BAFFIN'S BAY,  
AND JOHN SACKHOUSE, THE ESQUIMAUX.

*From a Correspondent.*

It is quite clear, that upon a part of the northern coast of the bay, seven or eight persons were seen and conversed with. The intercourse was carried on through the medium of John Sackhouse, an Esquimaux, who accompanied the ships through the whole of their voyage, and who is described, by all the persons on board, as having proved himself an enterprising and intelligent man. His own history is eventful, having been found far at sea, in his canoe, driven out by the wind, and, unless he had providentially been picked up by one of our ships, he must have perished.

We have seen some of the pictures drawn by Sackhouse, as a representation of his first interview with these newly discovered inhabitants of the Northern Regions, and they described, perhaps better than he could do in words, the meeting as it took place. The natives are shown in their sledges, drawn by four dogs, Sackhouse himself is depicted on the ice, setting up a pole, with a flag upon it, to which were attached some beads and other trifles, intended as conciliatory presents.

The dress of the natives consists of a skin, covering the body as far as the loins, and breeches of the same material, fastened so as to meet the body covering. A small space (through which the flesh is seen) is observed in all the figures at this part, where the upper and lower coverings meet, arising from their imperfect mode of attaching them to each other. In these drawings, the astonishment of the natives, upon examining the different parts of the vessel, is very characteristically depicted. One of them is viewing the anchor, another the masts; and the countenances very faithfully describe the surprize occasioned by these new objects of vision.

In questioning Sackhouse upon some points of the interview, he states the natives to have appeared docile, and ready to give such information as he was desirous of obtaining from them. His language was sufficiently analogous to their's, to allow of keeping up a conversation with them; he inquired, amongst other matters, as to the number of their nation, but they seem either to have no idea of numbers, or, what is more probable, no corresponding term, by which they could reply to the inquiry. Their general conduct gave reason to suppose that they had, like their more fortunate discoverers, fixed principles of social conduct. When chips were thrown over the vessel's side upon the ice, each collected as much as he could, but no one appeared to infringe upon the bundle of another. He, who had gathered any little stock, seemed to be recognized as the proprietor, although he left it, to proceed in his further collection. It is not very astonishing that they en-



deavoured to appropriate some of the objects of wonder which they saw about the vessels; but their very mode of attempting to pilfer was a proof that they had not acquired dexterity by practice. In a few instances, they took articles from the ship, with a view to purloining them, but they were necessarily unsuccessful, for they did not understand concealment; some part of the pilfered property being always left uncovered, and in sight.

The circumstance which excited the most attention, on the part of the discoverers, was the finding, in the possession of the natives, knives, the blade part of which was of iron\*. They had already ascertained, that wood was unknown to these newly-found beings; and that the only fuel which they had, if fuel it could be called, was a species of moss—and the use made of this moss seemed to be confined to the dipping it in oil, and burning it as a torch or candle. Through the medium of Sackhouse, however, it was discovered, that two blocks of iron, in its pure state, situated at no great distance from the shore, were known to the natives, and that, for making their knives, they hammered off pieces of it, by means of heavy stones. One of these knives we have seen. It is formed of a piece of bone, about six or seven inches long; the upper part, to which the iron is attached, being grooved. In this groove, several irregular-shaped pieces of iron are inserted. These appear to have been beaten flat with stones, and as they present an irregular serrated edge, it should rather be called a saw than a knife. The bone handle smells insufferably strong of rancid oil, from the saturated state in which it has been used, and every common means to discharge this taint has been unsuccessfully attempted.

We have likewise seen one of their spears. It consists of several pieces of the horn of the sea-unicorn tied together with thongs of skin; about one-third from the end is a stop, for the thumb to press against in throwing it. This, like the knife, is of most rude contrivance. It is not even strait in its form, but is curvilinear. This partakes of the same offensive smell as the knife-handle.

Their principal food consists of birds. *These they eat raw.* The flesh of seals and of the sea-unicorn is also a part of their nourishment. Unlike the Esquimaux hitherto known, they have no canoes; nor do they seem to know the use of vessels of any description: and they are, probably, the most uncivilized of the earth's inhabitants.

On board the Discovery Vessels we found several dogs, apparently of the Danish breed; rough wiry hair, fox-face, and brushy tail, being the principal cha-

\* We remarked, in our Number of last week, the singularity of the circumstance, that these knives, the most curious part of the discoveries of Captain Ross, should be first mentioned to the public by the Literary Journal. We refer our readers again to our description, p. 507.—ED.

acteristics. They do not bark, nor, in common, make any particular noise. The only dog which Captain Ross obtained from the natives is stated to have been lost overboard, in a gale of wind, off Cape Farewell; but, from the description given of it, it was not unlike (although larger in size) the dogs which were brought from the coast of a more southern latitude.

In one of the drawings before mentioned, John Sackhouse, the Esquimaux, is represented with his arm in a sling; and, upon asking the cause, he stated, that it was done by the concussion of a fowling-piece, which he had loaded upon the principle of "the more fillee more shootee;" by the blow his collar-bone was broken.

He had never learnt to draw, when he put to paper the subjects he has depicted, but his representation has probably a more faithful resemblance to the scene he describes, from its very rudeness, than the more finished drawings of our officers would possess.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY, KNT, M. P.

(Concluded from No. 34, p. 586.)

THE political conduct of Sir Samuel Romilly, during the last ten years, was one tissue of exertion intended for the public welfare; and, notwithstanding the most laborious occupation in his professional pursuits, which have been incessant, he has ever been found in his place upon all occasions in which the interests of the public have been concerned. His favourite object, the amelioration of the criminal code, had, ever since the occasion last-mentioned, occupied the greatest portion of that attention which he could bestow, without prejudice to his professional business. In the sessions of 1816-17, and in 1818, on all the discussions which took place on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the laws respecting aliens, he exerted his eloquence against them.

In a life such as that of Sir S. Romilly, it is not likely that it should be productive of those events which would give interest to the mere biographer or historian. The even tenor of his way must necessarily be barren of those incidents which excite extraordinary curiosity, or gratify the taste of the curious. It affords no striking features which arrest the attention of the observer, or produce that expression of surprize and admiration in times like the present. To delineate his character justly, though certainly no easy task, would be to describe the placid virtues of a good citizen, who performs his part on the theatre of the world with propriety, with sincerity, and with that zealous integrity with which an honest and virtuous man demeans himself towards that great family of which he is a member. Hence the task of his biographer

must be confined to those incidents of his public life, which, though they do not strike with astonishment, mark the character of a good if not a great man.

Having thus generally alluded to some of the leading circumstances of his public life, it would be, perhaps, scarcely necessary to mention more particularly those circumstances which had brought him under public observation. In the year 1812, the electors of Bristol signed a requisition, requesting him to put himself in nomination to represent that city in Parliament, free of any expense to himself; but in this severe struggle, Sir Samuel was defeated. However, in that Parliament he took his seat for Arundel.

On the dissolution of the late Parliament, a considerable number of the most respectable electors requested Sir Samuel to be put in nomination for the city of Westminster, free of trouble and expense, and he accepted the invitation. The following is a copy of the requisition, signed by upwards of seventy persons, with Sir Samuel's answer:—

*To Sir Samuel Romilly.*

Sir,—Anxious to see this populous and important City represented in Parliament by a person conspicuous in the country for talents and integrity, we, the undersigned inhabitants of Westminster, request you to permit us to put you in nomination at the ensuing election; we further request you to abstain from all personal attendance, trouble, and expense; we require from you no pledge, since the uniform tenour of your honourable life, your known attachment to the constitution, your zealous and unremitting efforts for the amelioration of the laws, the correction of abuses, and the support of the cause of freedom, justice, and humanity, wherever assailed, are a sure pledge to us of your qualifications for our service; in common with that of the country at large. We have the honour to be, Sir,

Your faithful servants, &c.

THE ANSWER.

Gentlemen,—In answer to the Requisition which I have this day had the honour to receive from you, I do not hesitate to say, that though I should never have presumed to offer myself as a candidate to represent the city of Westminster in Parliament, yet, if it should be the pleasure of a majority of the electors, without any solicitation or interference on my part, to choose me for one of their representatives, I shall think that the highest honour has been conferred on me that it was possible for me to attain. I shall be proud to accept such an honour, and I shall endeavour to discharge to the best of my abilities the important duties which it will impose upon me.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

With great respect,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,  
June 8, 1818. SAML. ROMILLY.

On the day of the election, Sir Samuel was nominated by Lord Henry Molyneux Howard, and seconded by Mr.



Wishart; and, on the conclusion of the fifteenth day's poll, the numbers were,—

|                   |      |
|-------------------|------|
| Romilly . . . . . | 5339 |
| Burdett . . . . . | 5238 |
| Maxwell . . . . . | 4808 |
| Hunt . . . . .    | 84   |

Sir S. Romilly then came forward amid the plaudits of the populace. As long, he said, as the contest was pending, as long as his appearance on those boards was likely to be construed into a solicitation of their votes, he had not ventured to appear before them. But, now that this contest was gloriously ended, and that he could call them by the endearing name of his constituents, he had hastened to thank them for the high and distinguished honour they had conferred upon him. To be chosen to represent in Parliament so great a city as Westminster, and that too by the free and unbiassed votes of the electors, was the greatest honour which a man in this free state could receive. He was sensible that no pretensions on his part intitled him to so great an honour. As far as his abilities went, he had always endeavoured to serve the public; and the services he had been able to render to that public, had been spoken of on those hustings by his friends in terms which he should apologize for rather than adopt. But such as his services had been, it must be those alone that had procured him their notice and support; for he was in a manner unknown to them, although he was born and had passed his whole life amongst them. Most heartily did he thank his constituents, but his thanks were not to be expressed by words—they were to be expressed by actions; not on that hustings, but within the walls of the House of Commons. The way was, by a faithful discharge of the important duties of a representative of the people; by an assiduous attention to the interests of the public; by resisting all attacks upon the freedom of the press, trial by jury, and the Habeas Corpus, the great bulwark of the constitution; by resisting any attempts to substitute, in place of that government to which Englishmen were accustomed, a government of law and justice, one of spies and informers; by resisting a wanton and useless expenditure on the part of the government, by opposing the imposition of new taxes; but, above all, that most oppressive and inquisitorial one, the Income Tax, if any attempt should be made to bring it forward in the new parliament; by abolishing useless offices, by endeavouring to restrain the power of the crown, to extend the right of suffrage, and to shorten the duration of Parliaments; by being the friend of civil and religious liberty; and by efforts to restore the high character which the country had formerly enjoyed, that of being the asylum of all who, in any part of the world, were persecuted for their civil and religious opinions. Such were the thanks which, by his conduct in the House of Commons, a representative of Westminster should return to his constituents—such alone it was worthy of them to re-

ceive. He felt that he was disposed to return such thanks, and as a proof of it he might appeal to his past conduct. When the time of accounting for the trust with which they had been pleased to honour him should come, he hoped it would be in his power to return a faithful account. He felt it impossible, upon the present occasion, to do justice to his feelings. He thanked them for the high station to which they had been pleased to raise him, and congratulated them on the result of the election. With these few words, and with the deepest impression of gratitude for the honour conferred upon him, he should take his leave.

It appears that Lady Romilly had long laboured under a complicated disease, which, by its quick and many changes, kept her anxious husband in continued agitation: flattered at one moment by gleams of convalescence, and shocked the next by symptoms of an ominous relapse, until, at length, hope was succeeded by despair, as may be seen from the two following letters, dated from the Isle of Wight, where Lady R. was confined, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Dumont, with whom Sir Samuel had been connected for many years, by all the ties of friendship and esteem:—

“Cowes, Sept. 27, 1818.

“DEAR DUMONT,—I did not intend writing to you till to-morrow, but I cannot suffer Mr. Nash's letter to go without inserting a few lines in it. I need not say how happy we shall all be to see you. Your visit, however, will be one purely of charity; for I am afraid you will meet with little pleasure in it.

“Since I last wrote to you, Ann has been worse, and certainly considered by both the medical attendants as being in some danger. She is at present a little better; but for myself I still apprehend the worst. I take care to neither let her nor the poor children see the anxiety I feel, but it costs me a good deal.

“With all this, do not suppose that I have not quite resolution enough to undergo every thing, and to preserve my health for my children's sake.

“I would not have you communicate my alarms to any one, but I could not suffer you to set out upon such a journey without apprising you of the real truth.

“I am, my dear Dumont,

“With most sincere affection, your's,

“SAMUEL ROMILLY.”

“Cowes, Sept. 28, 1818.

“DEAR DUMONT,—I cannot, after my letter of yesterday, suffer this post to go without telling you that my dear Ann is better—not very considerably, but yet she certainly is better. I know your kindness and affection for us must have rendered my last letter alarming to you, and, therefore, I hasten to give you somewhat better news.

“Ever, my dear Dumont,

“Most affectionately your's,

“SAMUEL ROMILLY.”

Lady Romilly's case had now become hopeless, and, on the following, day she expired in the arms of her two sisters, who had hastened from Wales on hearing of her melancholy and critical situation. The afflicted husband left Cowes, with great reluctance, on the day after this la-

mentable event, and proceeded by short and easy journeys to Russell Square, accompanied by his daughter, together with his nephew, Dr. Roget, and Mr. Dumont. On his arrival at his own house, he was attended by his neighbour, Dr. Marcet; while Dr. Roget passed the night in the same room with him. The patient complained of a sensation occasioned by something resembling a “furnace” in his head, and soon afterwards exhibited all the unhappy symptoms which usually accompany a brain fever.

On Sunday night, he went to bed in a state of mind and body which augured the most unfavourable consequences—his rest was disturbed, and he could get no refreshing sleep. He remained in bed, his disorder increasing, until Monday afternoon, when, availing himself of the absence of one of his children, who attended him, he in a moment of phrenzy jumped out of bed, and seizing a razor from a case upon the dressing-table, put an end to his existence on Monday, Nov. 2, 1818.

The next day an inquest was held on the body, which lasted from eleven o'clock until four, when the jury, without hesitation, returned the following verdict:—“We are unanimously of opinion, that the deceased cut his throat while in a state of mental temporary derangement.”

This is indeed a gloomy termination of an useful, an honourable, and a virtuous life. There is enough in it not only to level the petty distinctions of worldly vanity, but to lower the dignity of human nature itself: to show us all how little we are essentially raised above each other by any external advantages we may possess, and to prove how difficult it is to pronounce of any man that he is successful or happy, till he is withdrawn from the possibility of change by the final close of his account, and his removal from time to eternity.

Sir Samuel has left one daughter and six sons: the eldest is a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has made a will, by which the Marquis of Lansdown and Lord Holland are appointed guardians to the children. By the will, to which there are several codicils, his whole effects are to be divided into eight parts—two to his eldest son, and one to each of the others.

On the 11th of November, the remains of Sir Samuel and his lady\* were interred

\* It is a singular circumstance that, in the parish church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, there is a simple undecorated tablet placed against the wall, on which there is an inscription to the memory of the great uncle of Sir Samuel Romilly, who died of a broken heart, seven days after the decease of a beloved wife.

The inscription is as follows:—

Near this place  
are deposited the remains of  
Mr. Isaac Romilly, F. R. S.  
Obiit 18th December, 1759, Ætat 49;  
whose affable and humane temper of mind,  
joined to his goodness of heart,  
justly endeared him to all his friends;  
as did his great ingenuity and labour  
in forming his extensive and valuable



in the family vault, at Knill, near Presteign. The mourners were, his brother and nephew, with his brothers-in-law,—Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Davis. The bearers were, Lord Lansdown, Mr. Brougham, Sir Harford Jones, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Richard Price, Mr. Whishaw, and Mr. Allen. The Rev. John Grubb, vicar of Wigmore, performed the funeral ceremony in a most impressive manner.

Sir Samuel Romilly was, in his person, tall, thin, and was about sixty years of age. His complexion was dark, and his aspect somewhat saturnine, until it brightened up with a smile. His features were regular, and in the general contour of his countenance there was an air of benignity and benevolence truly indicative of his mind. His nose was aquiline, and his visage rather long, but not disproportionately to his features. His eye possessed a commanding intelligence which bespoke a capacious mind, but his glance manifested the placidity of a temper amiable and charitable. In his general carriage, when not engaged in business, there appeared a certain abstraction and absence which indicated a thoughtfulness of disposition, the natural consequence of his various avocations.

Of Sir Samuel Romilly's private virtues and professional talents, there is, we believe, but one opinion; by the latter, he is supposed to have netted from *sixteen to twenty thousand pounds* annually; and, as an instance of his benevolence, may be mentioned a fact well known in the legal circles, that he was in the constant habit of giving his able opinions upon cases laid before him, when the parties were in the humbler walks of life, without fee or reward, and, in several instances, the worthy barrister has given sums of money, out of his own purse, to enable distressed objects to carry on their suits with success.

### THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

(Continued from No. 36, p. 565.)

#### PART FOURTH.

Is it not true, my young-lady readers of eighteen, and even you of forty years, that you are anxious about the fate of Amurat? You are in the right—charming as Medoro, he was more tender; and Ernestina, with whom you are scarcely acquainted, was of ten times the value of that coquet, Angelica. She had followed her mother to the garden of the convent in tears—we are sorry to see her weep—he must be an absolute barbarian that

could be untouched with her sorrows. But let us resume our story. The holy brotherhood and the Inquisition are terrible things. The handsome Amurat, although led away through Murcia with his hands fettered, had in this state interested the whole of that kingdom. There was not a girl, on seeing him pass, who did not cry out, "Heavens, what a pity! is it possible for any one to be a Mahomedan, and so handsome?"

The poor boy was going to be broiled without hope of pardon. He was confined in a dungeon, with only bread and water for his food; and for his sole comfort, a Dominican visited him twice a day, but without speaking a word. It was for the handsome Amurat himself to confess his crime, but the poor innocent felt himself no way culpable.

One day, the Dominican said to him, "You will not then confess any thing to me?"—"Pardon me," replied Amurat, "I will confess to you that I shall die, if separated from Ernestine."—"Wretched infidel," exclaimed the Monk, "how dare you name a Christian?"—"Why not," said the sorrowful Amurat? "She was the life of my existence, the sun of my days, the object of every thought, and the only thing my heart pants after."—"Consider your end," replied the Dominican, "within two days the pile will be lighted for you—you must not look for pardon, as you are under the most obstinate impenitence."—"For what cause?" asked Amurat. "In having run away with Ernestine from her father and mother."—"Oh, father!" said Amurat, "I ask your pardon, you seem to labour under an error, for it was Ernestine's mother who gave her to me; however, if you are determined to burn me, do so, but it will never be in such a bright flame as now consumes me for Ernestine. Alas, alas! I shall then never see her more—burn me, burn me, for I cannot live without her!"

The Dominican, who had never before seen any infidel so eager for death in the prisons of the holy Inquisition, ruminated, while counting his rosary, on the answer of Amurat; and, as at bottom he was a good-natured man, he suspected some mystery, and to clear it up, he returned to the handsome Moor, to inquire into the details of his arrest and imprisonment. The simple boy told him every thing with the utmost sincerity; how the bright eyes, the enchanting smile, and the harmonious voice of the modest Ernestina, had seduced him in Murcia; how, after some time, he gained courage to tell her of all the pains he was suffering for her; how this virtuous but kind-hearted girl blushed at his declaration, without saying a word; how, one day surprising her sighing, he asked her the cause; but she only looked at him, and sighed again; and this made him comprehend that she returned his flame: how he cast himself at the feet of the Minstrel's wife, and interested her in his passion; how the Minstrel, on hearing it,

became furious, to find that a Moor had the audacity to make love to his daughter; how they had all run away from the house of the Minstrel; and how the officer of the holy brotherhood, after having robbed the wife of the Minstrel, who had previously been his mistress, of all that she had, had sent her home again with Ernestine, and had loaded him with chains.

This last circumstance opened the eyes of the Dominican; he thanked Heaven for having prevented him from committing an unjust act, and summoned the officer before him, who avowed the whole. The handsome Amurat appeared very excusable, and was set at liberty, upon condition of being instructed in the Christian religion; but he would make no promise, except of doing whatever should please Ernestina.

He fled back to Murcia, where he learnt that the Minstrel had quitted the town with all his family. They could not inform him exactly what road he had taken, but they thought it was that toward Madrid. Poor Amurat hastened to Madrid, describing all the way the persons he was in search of; but he gained only vague and unsatisfactory answers. On his arrival at Castile, he heard that his countrymen had lost a great battle. Too full of his own misfortunes to think of his country, he pursued his road. On his way, he overtook a sort of Moorish esquire, near a ravine, crying most bitterly, while two fine Andalusian mares were feeding quietly beside him. It was Sabaoth himself, who had witnessed the death of the Zegrís, commander of the Moors, and his good master.

Amurat approached him, and asked him the same questions he had done to all he met: "Sir," said he, "have you seen an old thin man playing on the bagpipe, accompanied by an old woman, two young boys, and a girl more beautiful than all the infantas of the world?"—"Aye, that I have," replied Sabaoth, sobbing, "at a distance, the eve of the battle we have just lost. I am well acquainted with that old bagpiper you speak of, and he ought to remember me, for I have often given him many a hearty thrashing in the stables of my last worthy defunct master at Grenada. I have also some claim on his gratitude, for I made him a physician, and so able a one, that he attended my master. It was, however, fortunate for him, that during his attendance I was occupied in the stables, and was ignorant of his audacity in pretending to be doctor to a Zegrís. I would have taught him what a stable boy was to a groom. But, be assured, that I have seen him pass by, and he had in fact with him two women and two children, but in so miserable a condition, that both Moors and Christians allowed him to continue his road unmolested, on account of his misery. I am not so fortunate, which is the cause of my weeping, for my road is intercepted, and I cannot return again to Grenada without risk of being taken; you also will run the same chance." Amurat

collection of natural curiosities  
to the esteem of the learned;

in  
the same grave with the remains  
of Mary, his beloved wife,  
whose sudden and unexpected death,  
on the 11th of December, 1759,  
in the 48th year of her age,  
greatly contributed to shorten  
the thread of his life;  
for they were an example  
of conjugal  
affection.



replied, "Sir Squire, you are right in fearing being made a prisoner in this country, for they treat us Moors very scurvily; I that am speaking to you have narrowly escaped broiling by the holy Inquisition. Therefore, instead of returning to Grenada, let us disguise ourselves, which we can easily do, for I have in the havresack that you see on my shoulders, a dress that I intended for a present to the Minstrel, to render him propitious to my love, and another that I had bought for his adorable daughter. You shall put on the first, and I will dress myself in the second, when, mounting these two mares, we may traverse all Spain in security; the holy brotherhood will not touch you, and I may perhaps overtake Ernestina."—"I agree to your proposal," answered Sabaoth, "for, after all, it is better to be a wanderer and vagabond than burnt."

We are concerned to leave our two Moors in the plains of Castile, but the monastery of Vaucelles recalls us. We had left Ernestina with her mother, and said, that this unfortunate girl could not eradicate from her heart the shaft which love had fixed there. She was ignorant of that formidable power that triumphs over reason in spite of ourselves, which we wish, and wish not to conquer, which effaces all other sentiments of the soul, which exists and renews itself by its own force, and will not allow us to have another thought, and which subjects us to a torment at once pleasing and painful, whereof cold hearts can have no idea.

Such was the volcano that inflamed the soul of Ernestina; such the deity, who, in the midst of pains, procured her delights; such the daemon that was tearing her heart to pieces.

What could the wife of the Minstrel do in such a case? She had had intrigues, and a variety of adventures, but they are only the simulation of love. Her daughter seemed to her mad, which is the usual name indifference gives to that passion, and she considered as a weakness, what is the strongest power in nature. She reasoned and argued, during which, Ernestine sighed and wept. There was no other remedy for her disorder than the disorder itself. Besides, to bring back an impassioned heart from its wanderings, the person who attempts it should be pure, without which, no one has a right to talk of virtue, and the mother of Ernestina had lost that right over her daughter. Too happy Minstrel! during this time thou wast forgetful in the hall of guests, of all past troubles, and one pleasant half hour effaced the remembrance of sixty years of misery. Why should we seek happiness in the upper ranks of life, in opulent fortunes, or in a multiplicity of pleasures? It is not even to be found in mutual love, and consists solely in indifference.

The Minstrel was very communicative of every adventure he had had. He related one which certainly proves that the good and evil things of this world are distributed somewhat like a lottery. He

had met at Poitiers another bagpiper from the Ardennes, where a troubadour had taught each the same tune, but adapted to different words. Alas! the recompense each received was very different. Underneath are the words that fell to the lot of our unfortunate Minstrel:—

*First Couplet.*

"Gais Pastoureaux,  
Gais Pastourelles,  
A vos agneaux,  
A vos agnelles,  
Laissez loisir  
D'aller bondir,  
Gais Pastourelles,  
Gais Pastoureaux !

*Second Couplet.*

Tems de jeunesse  
Est tems d'amours;  
Tems de vieillesse  
Est tems de pleurs;  
Sur la coudrette,  
Viens, Bergerette,  
Gais Troubadours !"

There were also other verses in the song, ending with

"De la fougere  
Du diu lutin;  
De la Bergere,  
Et du butin."

"And you will please to remark," said the Minstrel, "that I pronounced, after my country fashion, the B like to P; but from what has since happened to me, I have taken good care to improve my pronunciation. You must know then, that as I was singing this air one day under the shade of a tree, and pronouncing the word 'butin' very offensively, a lady started out from behind some bushes, inflamed with rage, attended by a handsome knight, who ordered their varlets to beat me soundly, to teach me, as they said, to respect ladies in my songs. I was thus very unjustly punished: for, a few minutes afterwards, my brother piper arrived, ignorant of what had befallen me, and seating himself near to the same bush, wherein the couple had again hid themselves as if nothing had happened, began to chant forth the happiness of a gallant rose, that on the breast of beauty doth repose, &c. &c. At these sounds, which, in good truth, were not a whit more harmonious than mine, the loving couple quitted the bush, praised most highly the Ardennois, and gave him twenty pieces of gold, saying, 'Ah! this is what may be called a gallant Minstrel, not like to that other low bred fellow with his indecent songs.'

"Now, Sir Steward, I appeal to you," continued the Minstrel, "if I had had any wicked intention in thus pronouncing the word, which assuredly I had not; did I sing any thing very different from what the Ardennois had done? see how different our rewards were, and then let any one talk to me of justice on this earth. The lady indeed was of noble birth, and brilliant as mine own country rose, and the knight a prince of France, whose fleur-de-lis adorned his superb shield. Without knowing it, the Arden-

nois had flattered two noble lovers, whilst I, as ignorantly, had offended them. He received gold, and I blows. May I not therefore assert, that there is only good and evil luck in the world." This, indeed, was most evident in the family of the Minstrel; for, in spite of the various evils he had met with in his career, his philosophy had caused him to be recompensed by gaiety; he still laughed, and laughed although on the brink of the grave, whilst his unfortunate daughter was pining away with love in the spring of life.—Let us imitate this economy of pleasures and pains, which is scattered through our passage here below,—every thing invites us.

The whole monastery was delighted with the Minstrel. The Cambresian could no longer quit him; the Steward had taken a liking to him; and the Lord Abbot, desirous of retaining him at Vaucelles, said to him, "are you so anxious to carry your bones to Bruges, that we cannot keep you here?" "No, truly," replied the Piper, "I am in nowise desirous to return to Bruges, where I have neither friend nor relation, nor house nor home; and I was only returning thither, because I knew not where else to lay my head." The Abbot continued, "You play wonderfully well on the pipes, do you think you could blow the serpent of the monastery? our's is just dead, and I offer you his place."—"He who pretends to know most, knows least," answered the Minstrel: "in truth I am capable of being a most excellent serpent to the abbey chapel, and you shall see, to-morrow, how I will make its roofs resound. But what will become of my wife, my daughter, and my two brats?"—"We will take charge of you all here," said the Abbot; "your wife shall be cook to the visitors, your daughter femme-de-chambre to the ladies that may come to partake of our hospitality, and your two boys shall ring the bells and rake the walks of our garden."—"You talk like St. Bernard, your glorious patron," replied the Minstrel, transported with joy. The old woman was made acquainted with this arrangement, and consented to it, although she did not pique herself on being an excellent cook. The situation of femme-de-chambre was rather humiliating to Ernestina, but as it was no great fatigue, she accepted of it. The little boys were so enchanted with their employment, that they wished to enter on their business instantly; one went to the belfry and rang the bells for more than two hours, while the other broke three rakes that same evening on the garden walks.

Here, then, was our vagabond family fixed, and tolerably well established; they were all contented excepting Ernestina alone, whose melancholy increased with the noisy pleasures that surrounded her. All foreign joy annoys the wretched, for joy is not the lot of an impassioned heart, and it is in the season of roses that sorrow makes the deepest wounds. It was in vain that the Minstrel exerted himself to rouse his daughter from that



in the family vault, at Knill, near Presteign. The mourners were, his brother and nephew, with his brothers-in-law,—Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Davis. The bearers were, Lord Lansdown, Mr. Brougham, Sir Harford Jones, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Richard Price, Mr. Whishaw, and Mr. Allen. The Rev. John Grubb, vicar of Wigmore, performed the funeral ceremony in a most impressive manner.

Sir Samuel Romilly was, in his person, tall, thin, and was about sixty years of age. His complexion was dark, and his aspect somewhat saturnine, until it brightened up with a smile. His features were regular, and in the general contour of his countenance there was an air of benignity and benevolence truly indicative of his mind. His nose was aquiline, and his visage rather long, but not disproportionately to his features. His eye possessed a commanding intelligence which bespoke a capacious mind, but his glance manifested the placidity of a temper amiable and charitable. In his general carriage, when not engaged in business, there appeared a certain abstraction and absence which indicated a thoughtfulness of disposition, the natural consequence of his various avocations.

Of Sir Samuel Romilly's private virtues and professional talents, there is, we believe, but one opinion; by the latter, he is supposed to have netted from *sixteen to twenty thousand pounds* annually; and, as an instance of his benevolence, may be mentioned a fact well known in the legal circles, that he was in the constant habit of giving his able opinions upon cases laid before him, when the parties were in the humbler walks of life, without fee or reward, and, in several instances, the worthy barrister has given sums of money, out of his own purse, to enable distressed objects to carry on their suits with success.

### THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

(Continued from No. 36, p. 565.)

#### PART FOURTH.

Is it not true, my young-lady readers of eighteen, and even you of forty years, that you are anxious about the fate of Amurat? You are in the right—charming as Medoro, he was more tender; and Ernestina, with whom you are scarcely acquainted, was of ten times the value of that coquet, Angelica. She had followed her mother to the garden of the convent in tears—we are sorry to see her weep—he must be an absolute barbarian that

collection of natural curiosities  
to the esteem of the learned;  
in  
the same grave with the remains  
of Mary, his beloved wife,  
whose sudden and unexpected death,  
on the 11th of December, 1759,  
in the 48th year of her age,  
greatly contributed to shorten  
the thread of his life;  
for they were an example  
of conjugal  
affection.

could be untouched with her sorrows. But let us resume our story. The holy brotherhood and the Inquisition are terrible things. The handsome Amurat, although led away through Murcia with his hands fettered, had in this state interested the whole of that kingdom. There was not a girl, on seeing him pass, who did not cry out, "Heavens, what a pity! is it possible for any one to be a Mahomedan, and so handsome?"

The poor boy was going to be broiled without hope of pardon. He was confined in a dungeon, with only bread and water for his food; and for his sole comfort, a Dominican visited him twice a day, but without speaking a word. It was for the handsome Amurat himself to confess his crime, but the poor innocent felt himself no way culpable.

One day, the Dominican said to him, "You will not then confess any thing to me?"—"Pardon me," replied Amurat, "I will confess to you that I shall die, if separated from Ernestine."—"Wretched infidel," exclaimed the Monk, "how dare you name a Christian?"—"Why not," said the sorrowful Amurat? "She was the life of my existence, the sun of my days, the object of every thought, and the only thing my heart pants after."—"Consider your end," replied the Dominican, "within two days the pile will be lighted for you—you must not look for pardon, as you are under the most obstinate impenitence."—"For what cause?" asked Amurat. "In having run away with Ernestine from her father and mother."—"Oh, father!" said Amurat, "I ask your pardon, you seem to labour under an error, for it was Ernestine's mother who gave her to me; however, if you are determined to burn me, do so, but it will never be in such a bright flame as now consumes me for Ernestine. Alas, alas! I shall then never see her more—burn me, burn me, for I cannot live without her!"

The Dominican, who had never before seen any infidel so eager for death in the prisons of the holy Inquisition, ruminated, while counting his rosary, on the answer of Amurat; and, as at bottom he was a good-natured man, he suspected some mystery, and to clear it up, he returned to the handsome Moor, to inquire into the details of his arrest and imprisonment. The simple boy told him every thing with the utmost sincerity; how the bright eyes, the enchanting smile, and the harmonious voice of the modest Ernestina, had seduced him in Murcia; how, after some time, he gained courage to tell her of all the pains he was suffering for her; how this virtuous but kind-hearted girl blushed at his declaration, without saying a word; how, one day surprising her sighing, he asked her the cause; but she only looked at him, and sighed again; and this made him comprehend that she returned his flame: how he cast himself at the feet of the Minstrel's wife, and interested her in his passion; how the Minstrel, on hearing it,

became furious, to find that a Moor had the audacity to make love to his daughter; how they had all run away from the house of the Minstrel; and how the officer of the holy brotherhood, after having robbed the wife of the Minstrel, who had previously been his mistress, of all that she had, had sent her home again with Ernestine, and had loaded him with chains.

This last circumstance opened the eyes of the Dominican; he thanked Heaven for having prevented him from committing an unjust act, and summoned the officer before him, who avowed the whole. The handsome Amurat appeared very excusable, and was set at liberty, upon condition of being instructed in the Christian religion; but he would make no promise, except of doing whatever should please Ernestina.

He fled back to Murcia, where he learnt that the Minstrel had quitted the town with all his family. They could not inform him exactly what road he had taken, but they thought it was that toward Madrid. Poor Amurat hastened to Madrid, describing all the way the persons he was in search of; but he gained only vague and unsatisfactory answers. On his arrival at Castile, he heard that his countrymen had lost a great battle. Too full of his own misfortunes to think of his country, he pursued his road. On his way, he overtook a sort of Moorish esquire, near a ravine, crying most bitterly, while two fine Andalusian mares were feeding quietly beside him. It was Sabaoth himself, who had witnessed the death of the Zegrís, commander of the Moors, and his good master.

Amurat approached him, and asked him the same questions he had done to all he met: "Sir," said he, "have you seen an old thin man playing on the bagpipe, accompanied by an old woman, two young boys, and a girl more beautiful than all the infantas of the world?"—"Aye, that I have," replied Sabaoth, sobbing, "at a distance, the eve of the battle we have just lost. I am well acquainted with that old bagpiper you speak of, and he ought to remember me, for I have often given him many a hearty thrashing in the stables of my last worthy defunct master at Grenada. I have also some claim on his gratitude, for I made him a physician, and so able a one, that he attended my master. It was, however, fortunate for him, that during his attendance I was occupied in the stables, and was ignorant of his audacity in pretending to be doctor to a Zegrís. I would have taught him what a stable boy was to a groom. But, be assured, that I have seen him pass by, and he had in fact with him two women and two children, but in so miserable a condition, that both Moors and Christians allowed him to continue his road unmolested, on account of his misery. I am not so fortunate, which is the cause of my weeping, for my road is intercepted, and I cannot return again to Grenada without risk of being taken; you also will run the same chance." Amurat



replied, "Sir Squire, you are right in fearing being made a prisoner in this country, for they treat us Moors very scurvily; I that am speaking to you have narrowly escaped broiling by the holy Inquisition. Therefore, instead of returning to Grenada, let us disguise ourselves, which we can easily do, for I have in the havresack that you see on my shoulders, a dress that I intended for a present to the Minstrel, to render him propitious to my love, and another that I had bought for his adorable daughter. You shall put on the first, and I will dress myself in the second, when, mounting these two mares, we may traverse all Spain in security; the holy brotherhood will not touch you, and I may perhaps overtake Ernestina."—"I agree to your proposal," answered Sabaoth, "for, after all, it is better to be a wanderer and vagabond than burnt."

We are concerned to leave our two Moors in the plains of Castile, but the monastery of Vaucelles recalls us. We had left Ernestina with her mother, and said, that this unfortunate girl could not eradicate from her heart the shaft which love had fixed there. She was ignorant of that formidable power that triumphs over reason in spite of ourselves, which we wish, and wish not to conquer, which effaces all other sentiments of the soul, which exists and renews itself by its own force, and will not allow us to have another thought, and which subjects us to a torment at once pleasing and painful, whereof cold hearts can have no idea.

Such was the volcano that inflamed the soul of Ernestina; such the deity, who, in the midst of pains, procured her delights; such the daemon that was tearing her heart to pieces.

What could the wife of the Minstrel do in such a case? She had had intrigues, and a variety of adventures, but they are only the simulation of love. Her daughter seemed to her mad, which is the usual name indifference gives to that passion, and she considered as a weakness, what is the strongest power in nature. She reasoned and argued, during which, Ernestine sighed and wept. There was no other remedy for her disorder than the disorder itself. Besides, to bring back an impassioned heart from its wanderings, the person who attempts it should be pure, without which, no one has a right to talk of virtue, and the mother of Ernestina had lost that right over her daughter. Too happy Minstrel! during this time thou wast forgetful in the hall of guests, of all past troubles, and one pleasant half hour effaced the remembrance of sixty years of misery. Why should we seek happiness in the upper ranks of life, in opulent fortunes, or in a multiplicity of pleasures? It is not even to be found in mutual love, and consists solely in indifference.

The Minstrel was very communicative of every adventure he had had. He related one which certainly proves that the good and evil things of this world are distributed somewhat like a lottery. He

had met at Poitiers another bagpiper from the Ardennes, where a troubadour had taught each the same tune, but adapted to different words. Alas! the recompense each received was very different. Underneath are the words that fell to the lot of our unfortunate Minstrel:—

*First Couplet.*

"Gais Pastoureaux,  
Gais Pastourelles,  
A vos agneaux,  
A vos agnelles,  
Laissez loisir  
D'aller bondir,  
Gais Pastourelles,  
Gais Pastoureaux !

*Second Couplet.*

Tems de jeunesse  
Est tems d'amours ;  
Tems de vieillesse  
Est tems de pleurs ;  
Sur la coudrette,  
Viens, Bergerette,  
Gais Troubadours !"

There were also other verses in the song, ending with

"De la fougere  
Du diu lutin ;  
De la Bergere,  
Et du butin."

"And you will please to remark," said the Minstrel, "that I pronounced, after my country fashion, the B like to P; but from what has since happened to me, I have taken good care to improve my pronunciation. You must know then, that as I was singing this air one day under the shade of a tree, and pronouncing the word 'butin' very offensively, a lady started out from behind some bushes, inflamed with rage, attended by a handsome knight, who ordered their varlets to beat me soundly, to teach me, as they said, to respect ladies in my songs. I was thus very unjustly punished: for, a few minutes afterwards, my brother piper arrived, ignorant of what had befallen me, and seating himself near to the same bush, wherein the couple had again hid themselves as if nothing had happened, began to chant forth the happiness of a gallant rose, that on the breast of beauty doth repose, &c. &c. At these sounds, which, in good truth, were not a whit more harmonious than mine, the loving couple quitted the bush, praised most highly the Ardennois, and gave him twenty pieces of gold, saying, 'Ah! this is what may be called a gallant Minstrel, not like to that other low bred fellow with his indecent songs.'

"Now, Sir Steward, I appeal to you," continued the Minstrel, "if I had had any wicked intention in thus pronouncing the word, which assuredly I had not; did I sing any thing very different from what the Ardennois had done? see how different our rewards were, and then let any one talk to me of justice on this earth. The lady indeed was of noble birth, and brilliant as mine own country rose, and the knight a prince of France, whose fleur-de-lis adorned his superb shield. Without knowing it, the Arden-

nois had flattered two noble lovers, whilst I, as ignorantly, had offended them. He received gold, and I blows. May I not therefore assert, that there is only good and evil luck in the world." This, indeed, was most evident in the family of the Minstrel; for, in spite of the various evils he had met with in his career, his philosophy had caused him to be recompensed by gaiety; he still laughed, and laughed although on the brink of the grave, whilst his unfortunate daughter was pining away with love in the spring of life.—Let us imitate this economy of pleasures and pains, which is scattered through our passage here below,—every thing invites us.

The whole monastery was delighted with the Minstrel. The Cambresian could no longer quit him; the Steward had taken a liking to him; and the Lord Abbot, desirous of retaining him at Vaucelles, said to him, "are you so anxious to carry your bones to Bruges, that we cannot keep you here?" "No, truly," replied the Piper, "I am in nowise desirous to return to Bruges, where I have neither friend nor relation, nor house nor home; and I was only returning thither, because I knew not where else to lay my head." The Abbot continued, "You play wonderfully well on the pipes, do you think you could blow the serpent of the monastery? our's is just dead, and I offer you his place."—"He who pretends to know most, knows least," answered the Minstrel: "in truth I am capable of being a most excellent serpent to the abbey chapel, and you shall see, to-morrow, how I will make its roofs resound. But what will become of my wife, my daughter, and my two brats?"—"We will take charge of you all here," said the Abbot; "your wife shall be cook to the visitors, your daughter femme-de-chambre to the ladies that may come to partake of our hospitality, and your two boys shall ring the bells and rake the walks of our garden."—"You talk like St. Bernard, your glorious patron," replied the Minstrel, transported with joy. The old woman was made acquainted with this arrangement, and consented to it, although she did not pique herself on being an excellent cook. The situation of femme-de-chambre was rather humiliating to Ernestina, but as it was no great fatigue, she accepted of it. The little boys were so enchanted with their employment, that they wished to enter on their business instantly; one went to the belfry and rang the bells for more than two hours, while the other broke three rakes that same evening on the garden walks.

Here, then, was our vagabond family fixed, and tolerably well established; they were all contented excepting Ernestina alone, whose melancholy increased with the noisy pleasures that surrounded her. All foreign joy annoys the wretched, for joy is not the lot of an impassioned heart, and it is in the season of roses that sorrow makes the deepest wounds. It was in vain that the Minstrel exerted himself to rouse his daughter from that



state of langour which was consuming her; in vain did this good-natured fellow, now sufficiently master of the serpent, resume his pipes every Sunday and feast-day, to make the girls of the environs dance; in vain he intreated his daughter to join them;—dancing tired her, and the Morisco airs, which her father played so wondrous well, brought back bitter recollections, and increased her melancholy.

She performed her office of femme-de-chambre so much to the satisfaction of those ladies and damsels that came to Vaucelles, that all of them felt a friendship for her, and thought her manners much superior to her situation.

Her sweetness of temper was unalterable; and, contrary to the common course of things, her misery did not affect her good humour. Shall she then be for ever the only one to whom life is become a burden in this happy monastery?

(To be concluded in our next.)

### CHANGEABLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A TOY, which strikes us as exceedingly happy in its contrivance, and amusing in its use, is just brought forward by Mr. Ackermann, at his well-known repository in the Strand. It consists of a quantity of human heads, printed and coloured, upon cards; and each head being cut into three parts, the *change* of any one of these parts will produce "an old friend with a new face." In this manner, according to the advertisement, "upward of five thousand different portraits may be formed out of the contents of each box; and, among these, all tastes will find objects of admiration, samples for matrimonial choice, &c. and the features of friends and acquaintances will not unfrequently present themselves to our recollection."

"Changeable ladies and gentlemen" are, in reality, no novelties in the world; but we do not know that any of the species were ever before so likely to afford an abundance of Christmas sport.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

December 4 to 10, 1818.

#### ANTIQUITIES.

A Second Memoir on Babylon. By C. J. Rich. With Engravings. 8vo. 8s.

#### ASTRONOMY.

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauties of the Heavens displayed, for the Year 1819. By William Frend, Esq. M. A. 12mo. 3s.

#### DRAMA.

Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin: a Tragedy. By John Howard Payne. 8vo. 3s.

The Dramatic Scorpion: a Satire, in Three Cantos. With Explanatory Notes. 8vo. 5s.

#### FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the "Pleasures of Hope." By Charles Heath, from Designs by R. Westall. 8vo. 5s. Large paper, 10s.

#### LAW.

Clarke's Bibliotheca Legum; or, Complete Catalogue of the Common and Statute Law Books of the United Kingdom. 9s.

A Digested Index of the Cases determined in the High Court of Admiralty, before the Right Hon. Sir William Scott, Knt. By Joshua Greene, Esq. Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.

An Analytical Digest of the Reports of Cases decided in the Courts of Common Law and Equity, of Appeal, and Nisi Prius, in the Year 1817. By a Barrister. Royal 8vo. 6s.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Vice Chancellor's Court, 58 Geo. 3.; before the Right Hon. Sir John Leach. By Henry Maddock, Esq. Royal 8vo. vol. 3. part 1. 9s.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Exchequer. By George Price, Esq. Vol. 3. part 4. with Indexes, which complete the 4th vol. royal 8vo. 9s. 6d.

#### MEDICINE.

On the Mimosæ; or, a Descriptive, Diagnostic, and Practical Essay on the Affections usually denominated Dyspeptic, Hypochondriac, Biliary, Nervous, &c. By Marshall Hall, M. D. 8vo. 6s.

#### MISCELLANIES.

Prize Themes, and other Compositions in Prose and Verse. 12mo. 3s.

Regales Ceremoniæ; or, the Ceremonies observed at the Interment of George II. and Queen Caroline; with an Account of the Coronation, &c. of George III. 8vo. 6s.

Panorama of Paris and its Environs, ornamented with Thirty-one Copper-plate Engravings. 32mo. 4s. bound.

The Flowers of Rhetoric, the Groves of Eloquence, and the Charms of Oratory. By the Rev. R. Sharpe, D. D. 8vo. 9s.

#### NOVELS.

Lucilla; or, the Reconciliation. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Frances; or, the Two Mothers: a Tale. By M. S. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

#### TYPOGRAPHY.

Annals of Parisian Typography; containing an Account of the Earliest Typographical Establishments at Paris, &c. By the Rev. W. P. Gresswell. 8vo. 14s.

### The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—We are extremely sorry to find that the managers of this house are proceeding in a course which will eventually injure their interests most materially, and tend to do away with the favouritism which has long accompanied their efforts and cheered their exertions. That in the face of the patronage they have experienced, they should have thought of reviving the "Castle Spectre," is an instance both of their want of penetration and of proper gratitude. This play, by M. G. Lewis, is, without exception, the very worst of all his dramatic compositions; and, without reference to his own productions, but taken on the basis of its intrinsic merits, is a woeful instance of absurdity and want of taste. Nothing can be worse than the style of this drama, except the incidents. The introduction of the Spectre is managed in a way that sets gravity at defiance, for there is absolutely nothing to mark her supernatural attributes beyond her silence and her pale visage. In other respects, she is as much a woman as her own daughter. She bows to the picture of her husband, embraces her child, and is guilty of various other actions which we should have thought out of the pale of preternatural existence. We are aware

we are placed in a delicate situation, whilst decrying the introduction of ghosts upon the stage, in consequence of Shakespeare's having had recourse to them; but this is the apology of every blockhead, and requires little comment; for a proper degree of sublimity accompanies all the introductions of this nature in Hamlet and Macbeth, and, after all, our objections are not to the thing itself, but to the awkward manner of its appearance, which takes away from it all terror. We sincerely wish the "Castle Spectre" were laid for ever, and can assure our readers, that her visit at Covent Garden, on Thursday last, was not received with much friendly cordiality.

We are convinced Miss O'Neill will consider it no compliment to say, that she played Angela excellently. We should rather say her talents were completely thrown away in the character. Mr. Young's Osmond had striking merits, but Macready would have played it better. We repeat, Mr. Young should not be suffered to play too frequently. C. Kemble's Percy was as tame a performance as we ever saw; but his acting was quite good enough for the part. Abbot was very respectable in Hassan; Blanchard played Motley very indifferently; Emery, Father Phillip, very well, and Mrs. Dayenport, Alice, very admirably. The curtain fell amidst some expressions of disapprobation.

"Rose d'Amour," succeeded; the managers deserve the severest reprehension for thrusting this piece forwards after the decided condemnation it experienced on the first evening of its performance; however, they (the managers,) will be the sufferers in the end. We waited a little time to see how it would again go off, and found, as long as we waited, that it was as much hissed as at first. The house was crowded. W. B.

Miss Beaumont, who has made a tolerably successful *debut* at this theatre, is not a novice, as the newspapers and playbills have represented, but is from the Surrey, where she played for upward of nine months, and, through the kind instructions of Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin, acquired the knowledge of the stage she possesses. It may be added that she played in the same character too, for the *Rose D'Amour* of this theatre is but an unsuccessful alteration of the *Red Riding Hood* produced at the Surrey Theatre, last season. So much for the pretended encroachments of the minor theatres.

SURREY THEATRE.—The proprietor of this theatre has employed the recess in active preparations for a very spirited winter's campaign. Three new pieces have been written for the opening at the ensuing holidays; and several new performers have been engaged, including Mr. T. P. Cooke and Mrs. Horn from Drury Lane Theatre, and some promising debutants from the country; who with the old favorites Fitzwilliam (himself a host), Miss Taylor, Mrs. Brookes, &c., will be likely to ensure to this theatre a continuance of its accustomed patronage.



## NICKEL IN IRON.

It will have been observed, by the readers of our preceding Number, that in the theory set up on the foundation of the knives of the Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay, two momentous positions are begged. Nickel is found in the iron of those knives of the Esquimaux which have been brought home; and it is assumed that there is nickel in all the knives of all the Esquimaux. Secondly, it is assumed that nickel is never found in company with iron, except in the iron which has fallen from the atmosphere. A great quantity of meteoric iron being thus inferred to be in the possession and within the reach of the Esquimaux, the Arctic Regions are next supposed to be subject to frequent falls of meteoric iron, and thus one additional reason for lessening our anxiety for a north-west passage to China and India is afforded; for, certainly our young cadets, and ladies in search of husbands, if they could submit to encounter the frosts of Greenland and Spitzbergen in their way to the heats of the tropic, would still be a little shy of having their heads broke by a shower of meteoric iron.

But is nickel no where in company with iron, unless with meteoric iron? As far as our chemists have yet observed and reasoned, this is certainly the case; for the mass of iron found by Pallas in the south of Siberia, which contained nickel, is believed to be meteoric. "Near Mount Emor, or Nemir," says Pinkerton, "not far from the river Yenisei, in the south of Siberia, Dr. Pallas discovered a large mass of native iron. See Dec. Rus. vi, 228, which places it near Krasnojark. In the same volume, p. 189, is a curious account of the rich iron-mines near Ribua, S. E. of that place, covered with mineralized trunks of trees."

In the month of April, 1817, a memoir by M. Laugier was read to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, the object of which was to inquire, whether the nickel which is found in meteoric iron, and in aërolites, is the sole body which authorises a suspicion that these substances have a common origin? M. Laugier found, in the iron from Siberia, not only nickel, but chroma and sulphur also; and thence inferred the absolute identity of origin between that iron and aërolites.

But if all the iron of the Esquimaux is meteoric iron, still the discovery of a mass of that iron in the south of Siberia, will forbid us to infer any thing too rashly of the Arctic Regions.—A mass of iron was also found in Peru.

## Original Poetry.

## LINES ON THE CALIDOSCOPE.

Succeeding raptures lure us, and depart!  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed.  
*Williams, L. L. D.*  
*Shakespeare.*

DEEM not the time misspent, while pondering here,  
On Glory's bright but passing short career.  
Call not the moments lost, while here we trace,  
Thy triumph, Beauty, and thy sad disgrace.  
Say, who can count the various forms that here,  
In quick succession, rise and disappear?  
Cut from the earth, and swept, like dust, away,  
Thus fall the wise, the worthless, and the gay;  
Daughters of Beauty, and the sons of Power,  
The bud, the leaf, the blossom, and the flower;  
O ye, who pant for fame, for beauty sigh,  
Behold these wonders with attentive eye;  
Mark the bright pageant as it swims along,  
(Fit theme, I ween, for sage or muses' song!  
Oh, how the picture charms! yon gay parterre,  
Where Flora revels, shows not half so fair.  
'Tis beauty's self!—'Tis grace allied to grace!  
'Tis all that's lovely, met in one embrace.  
But see, ah! see, the gorgeous vision flies,  
The tumbling ruin melts before our eyes.  
'Thus, on the world's wide stage, some beauty charms,  
Some object lures us, or some prospect warms;  
With quicken'd step, and out-stretched hands,  
We fly,  
To catch the phantoms as they flutter by;  
In vain the sinking spectres mock our sight,  
And drop at once to everlasting night!—  
Once more the tube its magic power displays,  
Again we turn, again enraptur'd gaze,  
Again the prospect smiles, again decays!  
What though the changing scene new forms supplies,  
To glad the heart, and charm our wond'ring eyes;  
'Tis still new forms, the old return no more,  
Their splendour vanished, and their triumph o'er!  
'Tis thus in life.—The universal scene  
Wears the sweet smile of Nature's beauteous queen;  
New flow'rets give their fragrance to the gale,  
New beauties triumph in the laughing vale;  
But the gay forms that charm'd the world of yore,  
In dust they slumber, and can charm no more!  
Bring them, ah! bring, to mark this fatal truth,  
Yon, blushing virgin, and yon, blooming youth,  
For, oh, the muse, (and on the muse's strain,  
Wisdom herself may dwell, nor dwell in vain,)  
Sees in the fairest flower that greets the day,  
Even in the bloom, th' embryo of decay!  
While thus we gaze, with truths like these in view,  
Each meaner thought we'll struggle to subdue;  
And oft reflecting on the changes here,  
Will look to scenes with not a change to fear;  
And prove, as hours, and days, and years still melt away,  
The moral lasting, though the forms decay.  
33 B. S. T. F.

\* It may be said, perhaps, that the forms in the Calidoscope only give place to others no less beautiful than those which preceded them. Granted. That they do give place, however, is equally certain, and the above lines, and the moral deducible from them, turn wholly on this succession.

## THEATRICAL CRITIQUES.

## CRITIQUE III.—MR. YOUNG.

OFT have I roam'd some gentle stream beside,  
And mark'd the tranquil current of the tide,  
Unvarying, ever still, it calmly fled,  
O'er the light pebbles of its silent bed;  
To boist'rous waves its waters never rose,  
Yet never sank completely to repose.  
So 'tis with YOUNG, his passion's even tide  
Ne'er swells to grandeur nor doth quite subside;  
Correct, not striking,—judicious, but not new,  
Wanting in fire, but yet to feeling true;  
In action graceful, and in judgment clear,  
With voice that falls like music on the ear;  
And form and features, clothe them how you can,  
That still shine forth and show the gentleman!

In all the little touches of his art,  
Which probe the feelings and subdue the heart,  
He is, perchance, surpass'd by more than one;  
In declamation he's excell'd by none.

Chamont deserves the critic's warm applause;  
His manly ardour in a sister's cause,—  
His gen'rous haste to see her wrongs redress'd,  
Were felt by him, and stamp'd this part his best!  
In Pierre and Cassius too, he claims our praise;  
In Denmark's prince, who mourns o'er other days;  
And in Othello\* too, tho' critics rail,  
He may not triumph—but he does not fail:  
The modest grace, and gentlemanly ease,  
In all his actions, cannot fail to please;  
And tho' some partial critics cry him down,  
His worth is warmly greeted by the town;  
And of an actor's powers, 'tis confess'd,  
The gen'ral feeling is the surest test.

It was the gen'ral voice, when KEAN first came,  
That spoke his praise and brought him into fame;  
It was the gen'ral voice, when KEMBLE took  
His long farewell, his last and parting look,  
Which loudly burst, and told his throbbing heart,  
'Twas sweet to cheer him, but 'twas sad to part.  
Possess'd of this, ne'er heed the critic's tongue,  
Let them be still unjust—be you still YOUNG!

\* We have seen a critique, (if it can be called so,) wherein the writer asserts, that one of the blacks taken from the band of the Guards would play the character as well. Now this we admire; because the falsehood is so apparent, that it cannot for a moment be mistaken for truth.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his "View of the English Stage," has constantly endeavoured to uphold Kean by disparaging Mr. Young. Mr. Kean stood in no need of his assistance. He was as little benefitted by his praise, as Mr. Y. was lowered by his censure.

In one part of his work, Mr. Hazlitt says, "Mr. Young, as Mark Antony, exhibited a just and impressive picture of the Roman hero struggling between the dictates of his love and honour."

In another part of the same work we meet with the following contradictory passage:—"As long as he contents himself to play indifferent characters, we shall say nothing; but whenever he (Mr. Y.) plays Shakespeare, we must be excused if we take unequal revenge for the martyrdom which our feelings suffer!"

Thus we see that Mr. Young plays Mark Antony, (one of Shakespeare's characters!) in a just and impressive manner; yet, in seeing him play Shakespeare, Mr. H.'s feelings suffered martyrdom. What opinion can we form of this critic's taste, or who (after this) shall accuse Mr. H. of impartiality?



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